# Table of Contents


1. Clan Roster
2. Sky Fall
3. Chapter 1
4. Chapter 2
5. Chapter 3
6. Chapter 4
7. Chapter 5
8. Chapter 6
9. Chapter 7
10. Chapter 8
11. Chapter 9
12. Chapter 10
13. Chapter 11
14. Chapter 12
15. Chapter 13
16. Chapter 14
17. Chapter 15
18. Chapter 16
19. Chapter 17
20. Chapter 18
21. Chapter 19
22. Chapter 20
23. Chapter 21
24. Chapter 22
25. Chapter 23
26. Chapter 24
27. Chapter 25
28. Chapter 26
29. Chapter 27
30. Chapter 28
31. Chapter 29
32. Chapter 30
33. Chapter 31
34. Chapter 32

35. Chapter 33
36. Chapter 34
37. Chapter 35
38. Chapter 36
39. Chapter 37
40. Chapter 38
41. Chapter 39
42. Chapter 40
43. Skylight: Out NOW!

# Clan Roster

The four Clans have an abundance of cats of all different shapes, sizes, colors and purrsonalities. Take a look!

**ThunderClan**

*Leader:* Sandstar- A beautiful sand colored she-cat. Her green eyes light up with personality and wisdom.

*Deputy:* Sunblaze- A large, bright ginger tom with white paws and a white tail tip. His strengths lay in battle where his deep green eyes light like fire.

*Medicine Cat:* Willowleaf- A young tortiseshell she-cat with amber eyes. She attracts the attention of toms but is not allowed to find a mate.

*Warriors:*

Appleleaf- A brown tom with amber eyes. Close to retiring to being an elder.

**Apprentice; Bumblepaw**

Duskwave- A silver tabby she-cat with black stripes and deep blue eyes.

Bramblefrost- A dark brown tabby tom with icy blue eyes.

Stormpelt- A gray tom with a white tail tip with faint blue eyes.

Firesoul- A blazing tabby tom with green eyes.

Flarecloud- A beautiful ginger she-cat with wonderful deep green eyes.

**Apprentice; Berrypaw**

Flowermoon- A tortiseshell she-cat with brown eyes.
**Apprentice; Featherpaw**

Hazelflower- A black she-cat with unusual hazel eyes.

Petalheart- A white she-cat with reddish eyes due to an accident with poisonous petals when she was a kit.

Blizzardfur- A white she-cat with poofy white fur and gray eyes.

Jaysoul- A gray tabby tom with honorable blue eyes.

Hawk-eye- A partially blind sand colored tom with blue eyes.

Moonfur: A beautiful silver tabby with deep blue eyes.
**Apprentice, Mousepaw**

*Apprentices:*

Featherpaw- A silver tabby she-cat with blue eyes.

Bumblepaw- A cream colored tom with black stripes.

Berrypaw- A black tom with deep blue eyes.

Mousepaw- A small brown tom with brilliant brown eyes.

*Queens:*

Russetsky- A dark gray shadowy she-cat with blue eyes. Formerly of ShadowClan. Mother to Skykit, Shadekit and Rainkit.

# Sky Fall

Hello! This is Kaylin, Co-Owner of the Fallen Skies Minecraft roleplay server.

I am happily bringing to you, a wanted vote, Warrior Cats fanfiction. All credit for the general ideas (Cats, Clans, etc) goes to the Erin Hunter team. However, the storyline, characters and book titles/covers is credited to me. Also, I do not try to use book names, but I am only human and may sometimes accidentally use them.

If you are reading this, I hope you know how much you actually mean to me as you contribute to the growth of my story.

Thank you, and enjoy the book!

☆

•

☆

•

☆

☆Prologue☆

A ginger tom bolted through the forest, his patrol behind him. His unusual green eyes darted back and forth, looking for any signs of danger. With ears perked, he struggled to keep up with the rogue cats ahead.

"Forget it, Clannies! You will never catch up with us!" One of the tabbies ahead hollered.

"Sunblaze, it's no use. They'll get away," A graceful silver tabby she-cat sped up next to the ginger tom, her voice urgent and defeated.

"Moonfur," Sunblaze meowed back. "They have ThunderClan prey! They are not getting away on my watch."

"Just because you're deputy doesn't mean you have to do everything right," Moonfur's dark blue eyes were sincere as she spoke. "Plus, it's greenleaf. We can catch more pr-"

"They're not gone yet," Sunblaze didn't even look at her. He stretched as he ran ahead of her, dismissing the she-cat.

Moonfur sighed and continued to run.

"Sunblaze!" A brown tabby tom yelled. "They crossed the WindClan border!" Sunblaze skidded to a halt, causing all cats to skid and scurry in the leafy undergrowth.

"Mousepaw," Sunblaze muttered through gritted teeth. What did I tell you about yelling during battle?"

Sunblaze was not a cat to reckon with. As deputy, he wanted everything done as he said, and no cat dared to challenge him. Ever.

The young apprentice lowered his head in shame. "I just wanted to help," he murmured.

"You did nothing of the sort! Now go back to camp. No prey for you tonight."

Sunblaze's green eyes shone like green fire.

Mousepaw turned and did what his deputy said and started to walk away, his tail drooping in the dust.

"Wait, Mousepaw!" Moonfur called. Mousepaw turned and looked at his mentor, sadness clear in his eyes. "Come back here," she meowed softly.

"Moonfur," Sunblaze hissed a warning but Moonfur ignored him.

"You did good," she soothed the young tom. "You saved time. We would have ran right up to the border and who knows what

WindClan would have done," the she-cat's tail wrapped around Mousepaw's shoulders.

"He did nothing of the sort!" Sunblaze scowled. "He simply disrupted orders!"

"Unnecessary orders," Moonfur corrected, her deep blue eyes angry. "You're such a bossy furball!"

Sunblaze showed his teeth. "Do you want to say that again?"

"Yes," the brave she-cat replied, standing her ground. "I don't know why Sandstar would have picked you as deputy. You're nothing but an ignorant, selfish mousebrain! As I said, just because you are deputy doesn't mean you're always right! Taking out your anger at defeat on a young apprentice doesn't solve anyt-" Moonfur's words were cut off with a shriek as Sunblaze's claws collided with her face.

"Mousepaw!" Moonfur cried. "Go get help and warn Sandstar!"

"Never," Sunblaze hissed, glaring heavily at the apprentice. "Don't you dare."

"Please!" Moonfur screeched as Sunblaze's hard blows knocked her to the ground. With blood from her bleeding cheek blinding her, it was hard to fight back.

Moonfur batted back at the deputy, all while her long term apprentice stood there and watched his mentor get beaten.

No matter how hard Moonfur tried, her weak blows were no use against the huge ginger tom. He had dominated over her, his claws sinking into her shoulders as he pinned her.

"No one ever contradicts me," He hissed into her ear. Moonfur didn't say anything, struggling to speak. She knew that speaking out was a mistake.

However, a mistake she was not willing to regret. She dared to do it again...

"Except me." She managed to hiss out. Sunblaze hissed at her words and raked his hind claws down her stomach, earning an ear splitting screech from Moonfur. Afraid of being discovered murdering the pretty warrior, he sunk his claws into her throat deeply to kill her quickly.

Moonfur's eyes rolled into the back of her head and she paled, the life bleeding out of her at all costs. Mousepaw stared as the supposedly loyal ThunderClan deputy murdered his mentor, eyes wide and his mouth wide open in shock.

Sunblaze withdrew his teeth from the dead she-cat's neck, her blood all over his fur. Glancing at the apprentice briefly, he muttered, "Get me some foxdung."

When Mousepaw didn't move, he hissed again, "Get me some foxdung. Do you want to end up like Moonfur?"

This sent Mousepaw crashing through the forest, returning only moments later with his paws soaked in the disgusting substance.

Without a word, Sunblaze rolled around in it, disguising Moonfur's scent with a fox's. Then, after making sure the young warrior's scent was off him, he coated her body with foxdung to disguise his own scent.

"We will say a fox got her," Sunblaze meowed like nothing happened. "And if you dare say anything, you will, with no doubt, be joining her. Got it?"

Mousepaw nodded quickly. "Now, go alert camp that there was a fox. I'll appear shortly after." Sunblaze meowed, checking Moonfur's claws for any sign of his fur.

Taking a deep, defeated and worried breath, Mousepaw screeched a vicious cry for help and ran, storming through the forest in the direction of camp. Sunblaze lingered around the bloody clearing for a few moments before storming through the undergrowth after the brown tom.

Moonfur's beautiful, bloodstained body was left in the undergrowth

where her life was taken from her as moonlight seeped in from above the treetops.

# Chapter 1

Hey guys, to avoid confusion, I'm just letting you know this is the morning of the prologue. Therefor, Moonfur is alive still and Sunblaze is still an innocent deputy in all cats' eyes. XD Anyways, thanks for reading and enjoy chapter one!)

Skykit opened her eyes as her sleep was disrupted. Growling in annoyance, she looked in the direction of the sound.

"I bet you you can't even make it half way to the top of the den!" Rainkit squealed.

"Can too!" Shadekit spat.

"Prove it!" Rainkit growled playfully. Shadekit gave her a final glare before leaping on the side of the den, her tiny claws gripping on the twigs that built it. Quickly, she climbed the wooden net like structure.

"Get down!" Russetsky scolded. "Bramblefrost and Flarecloud worked hard to build this den and we are not going to destroy it by playing."

"Rainkit told me to!" Shadekit whined as she leaped down, leaves following her as the den rattled.

"I bet you, I didn't say you had to!" Rainkit spat. Her gray tabby fur was ruffled.

"Enough," Russetsky meowed. Her similar shadowy gray tabby fur was neatly groomed.

"Be quiet," Skykit moaned. All she wanted to do is sleep the day away.

"Skykit," Russetsky's attention seemed to be focused on Skykit instead of her siblings. "Get up. The dawn patrol is just leaving."

"Who's on it?" Skykit questioned. She couldn't wait for the day she would be assigned to her first patrol.

"Sunblaze, Firesoul and Flarecloud," Her mother replied.

"Why were all three siblings put together on a patrol?" Skykit questioned.

"Sometimes, siblings like to be with each other. Once you become a warrior, it's not just all fun and play." Russetsky was up now, her tongue rasping over Rainkit's ear.

"I'd sure hope so." Skykit sneered, glaring at her siblings. "I want to work for my Clan!"

"And I'm sure you will." The former ShadowClan queen meowed. Shadekit was like a copy of Russetsky, and it made Skykit just a tiny bit jealous.

"No one be a better warrior than me," Shadekit boasted. "Did you not just see me climb? I'm going to be the ambush queen!"

"Russetsky?" Bramblefrost poked his head in the nursery. Bramblefrost was Skykit's and her littermates' father and Russetsky's mate.

"Yes?" Russetsky's eyes always lit up around him. It made Skykit sick, so she turned away.

"Sandstar is ill again," Bramblefrost meowed. "Willowleaf isn't sure if she's going to recover again,"

Russetsky's eyes clouded. "Sandstar has already lost two lives from fighting greencough. In greenleaf, too! How many more can she afford to loose?"

"By the despair Willowleaf is in, I'm guessing not many, if none at all." Bramblefrost looked at his paws in sorrow.

"At least we know Sunblaze can lead us with pride and security," Russetsky whispered. Something about her tone made Bramblefrost nod briefly and retrieve his head from the nursery entrance,

walking away.

"What's going on with Sandstar, Russetsky?" Rainkit meowed, curiosity thick in her mew.

"Sandstar is ill," Russetsky meowed to her daughters carefully.

"Will she be alright?" Shadekit chimed in.

"Willowleaf doesn't know," Russetsky admitted. Skykit felt sorrow for her mother. She knew of a tale that stated Sandstar cared for Russetsky when ThunderClan wouldn't as if she were her own kit.

"I'm sure she'll be alright," Skykit meowed softly. If anything, she didn't want her mother to be upset. "She always is."

"If only that were true," Her mother sighed. "Sandstar's lives don't last her forever, and she seems to be blowing through them awfully fast."

Russetsky changed the subject. "How about we go to the fresh kill pile and get something to eat?" She meowed in a brighter tone.

Skykit and her sisters were out of the nursery within seconds. Skykit loved to sit and stare at the busy camp. Apprentices playing, warriors talking, the medicine cat sunbathing.

"Hey, Skykit!" Skykit turned around to a familiar silver pelt.

"Hi, Featherpaw!" She purred. If there was any cat in the Clan that paid any attention to Skykit other than Russetsky and her littermates, it was Featherpaw.

"What have you been up to?" Featherpaw mewed and dropped a fresh vole down in front of her. "Care to share?"

"Yes, please!" Skykit didn't hesitate to take a nice bite out of the vole. Her mouth watered at the delicious sensation in her mouth.

"I caught it out hunting with Bumblepaw," Featherpaw boasted.

"When is your final assessment?" Skykit took another bite. She

purred as her appetite was sated.

"Sometime next moon," she replies. "they don't tell you exactly when." Skykit nodded in reply.

"Are you going to share?" Bumblepaw meowed as he walked up to them and sat down next to Featherpaw. Skykit could swear she saw a connection.

"Never," Skykit meowed playfully before pushing the vole over to him. He took a giant bite.

"And there goes the vole," Skykit muttered to herself.

"What?" Bumblepaw meowed. Featherpaw had a humorous glimmer in her eye so Skykit knew she had heard.

"Nothing," Skykit meowed quickly and looked away. Featherpaw and Bumblepaw whispered to each other breifly, their eyes sparkling with some emotion Skykit couldn't quite place.

"Thank you for the vole," Skykit gave her thanks before getting up and padding away. Searching the camp for her mother and littermates, she stepped on something squishy. Lifting her paw up to look, she scrunched her nose up in digust.

"Watch where you step," Willowleaf appeared at her side. "I had my juniper berries laying out here."

"Sorry!" Skykit squeaked in horror. Russetsky said to never mess with a medicine cat's herbs.

"It's fine, don't worry," Willowleaf meowed, ducking back into her den. Unsure of where to go or what to do, Skykit stayed where she was.

A few moments later, Willowleaf appeared again with some green moss soaked in water. "Here, you can wash your paw off with that." She meowed. Skykit placed her paw on the refreshing moss, moving it around to make sure all of the berry was completely off.

"That feels nice," Skykit remarked to the young medicine cat.

Willowleaf's amber eyes shone like a brown sun.

"Wait until you feel the forest under your paws as an apprentice," Willowleaf replied. "I'll never forget it."

"Do medicine cats leave camp too?" Skykit wondered. She respected StarClan's chosen cats for the duty to save the lives of cats in the Clan with herbs instead of their claws, but Skykit would surely feel she was missing out. She wanted to feel the pelts of enemy cats beneath her claws and teeth, to feel the feeling of victory every time a battle was won for ThunderClan. Surely Willowleaf couldn't feel the same?

"Of course we do," Willowleaf meowed, snapping Skykit out of her thoughts. "We gather herbs for our storages and take trips to the Moonpool with the other Clans' medicine cats."

"Wouldn't you rather fight than heal?" Not until the words were out of her mouth did Skykit realize the disgust in her tone.

"Skykit!" Skykit jumped in surprise as she heard Russetsky's voice coming up behind her. "Willowleaf serves the Clan in her own special way. Don't be rude."

"She's fine, Russetsky." Willowleaf meowed. "Do you think I haven't had to answer these questions to other kits billions of times before? Not to mention some warriors still ask them."

"I know," Russetsky's tone was accusing. "but I want my kits to learn what every cat does to bless the Clan and to never question it." Willowleaf's eyes shone with disapproval, but she didn't say anything more about the topic.

"She just stepped on a juniper berry, so I washed her paw off. She's not hurt."

"Thank you," Russetsky meowed, taking Skykit's scruff in between her teeth.

"I can walk myself!" Skykit whined. "Let me down! What if Shadekit and Rainkit see me?"

"They are your littermates, you should never be afraid of their opinions." Russetsky scolded as she carried Skykit to the nursery.

*

*

*

Skykit hid under the moss in shame for quite awhile after her mother reached the nursery. Too embarrassed to face her siblings as a five moon old kit being carried by her mother. The dawn patrol had returned, and the sunhigh patrol had left awhile ago.

"Who's on the sunhigh patrol?" Skykit heard Rainkit ask her mother.

"I believe Sunblaze took another patrol with Moonfur and Mousepaw," Russetsky mewed. The queen was tired after chasing Shadekit and Rainkit around camp all morning.

"He sure likes to work his tail off," Bramblefrost meowed as he ducked his head into the nursery. "I heard he's planning to go out at dusk as well,"

"He needs to get his rest," Russetsky complained. "we don't need a weak leader and a weak deputy."

"ThunderClan is just fine," Hazelflower meowed, ducking her head in the nursery as well. "we always recover. Sunblaze will surely cut down on patrols if Sandstar does pass. But somebody has to take Sandstar's patrol times, don't they?"

"He shouldn't be taking all of them," Bramblefrost countered. "we are a Clan, we can all pitch in to help."

"Agreed," Russetsky quickly meowed agreement to her mate's argument. "There's plenty of warriors that sit around camp for longer than they should."

Suddenly, an ear splitting yowl was brought to the ears of the cats in ThunderClan. "That sounds like Moonfur!" Hazelflower meowed, alarmed.

"We have no deputy!" Bramblefrost complained, concerned. "Sandstar!"

Russetsky leaped over to where Skykit was hiding with Shadekit and Rainkit at her paws. Quickly, she wrapped her tail around them, ready to leap at any intruder who dared to mess with a nursing queen.

Skykit couldn't see outside of the nursery, or beyond her mother's tail, but she could tell the weak ThunderClan leader had emerged from her den and was sitting on top of the Highrock. "Let all cats gather!" Sandstar's raspy mew ripped across camp.

"We need warriors to go help Sunblaze! WindClan could be attacking!" Featherpaw hissed.

"Or ShadowClan! Those furballs!" Bumblepaw spat out. Russetsky's pelt bristled at the name of her birth Clan.

"Hush!" Sandstar meowed. "Let's have Bram-" Sandstar's meows were quickly cut off as more shrieks and cries were heard.

"Fox! Help!" Mousepaw's voice was quickly regonized by the Clan. They all stared at the gorse tunnel, ready to leap if a fox came bursting through.

Instead, the small, terrified shape of Mousepaw came crashing in. His eyes were wide, and for once he resembled a mouse before it was caught. His fur was ruffled and sticking out on end with his back arched and his tail bushed up.

"There was a fox! Moonfur is dead!"

# Chapter 2

Horrified gasps shook the clearing. Pelts of the ThunderClan cats bristled and tails bushed. Eyes were wide with confusion and horror.

Sunblaze burst into camp moments later, his pelt bloody and matted. "It's true," He huffed, sadness clouded his eyes and grief shook his voice.

"What happened?" Sandstar was sitting on the Highrock now, opposite of the other cats, who were all standing. Skykit wanted to peak out and take a look around the devasted camp, but she knew better.

"A fox," Sunblaze explained, his expression darkening. "Our patrol was chasing rogues out of our territory. They had ThunderClan prey." Skykit looked at her littermates. They had the same expression as she did- bushed tails, spiked pelts, and wide, fearful eyes.

"They crossed the WindClan border," Sunblaze went on. "Moonfur stood guard in the forest while I decided to take Mousepaw to the boarder to check his senses." Sunblaze's eyes raked the clearing. "A fox mauled her while we were gone, and when we came back, it was too late."

Russetsky's tail was now lashing. Skykit decided to take the chance and look under her tail to face the clearing. Once she did, she knew it was a mistake.

The rest of the Clan looked just like her sisters. Fearful, appauled, angry. Mousepaw had a look of disgust on his face, and Skykit didn't blame him. If she had been in his paws when one of her Clanmates was murdered not so long away, she would feel the same way.

Skykit glanced up at her mother. She was surprised her eyes weren't

focusing on the broken deputy and the horrified apprentice. She followed Russetsky's gaze and was surprised at to what she found.

Willowleaf was on the Highrock with Bramblefrost and Sandstar. Sandstar was laying down. Willowleaf had her nose buried in the ThunderClan leader's pelt and Bramblefrost was staring at Russetsky, his eyes filled with grief for his mate.

"What is it?" Shadekit whispered to Skykit. Skykit beckoned with her tail.

"Look, it's Sandstar."

Shadekit let out a mew of surprise. Rainkit did the same thing just moments after. Their father sank his teeth into Sandstar's scruff and carried her down the tumbled rocks, Willowleaf leading the way.

The rest of the Clan had saw Sandstar now. No cat dared to speak, so they stared at their leader and their young medicine cat. Sunbreeze had an expression dancing in his eyes that Skykit couldn't put her paw on.

Hope?

Certainly not. She must be mistaken.

"It's okay," Willowleaf's gentle and quiet mew rang through the now silent clearing. "we're just bringing her to the medicine den."

Skykit's eyes followed her father with her leader in his jaws until Russetsky repositioned her tail, blocking their sight. "You should get some sleep," Russetsky meowed softly. "it's been a long day."

Without arguing, Skykit curled up in her nest, free from her mother's tail prison. Shadekit and Rainkit shot each other a worried glance before curling up in their own usual sleeping places, closing their eyes quickly.

Sleep wouldn't come for Skykit. She kept imagining what the forest was like. Just earlier today she was excited to set her first paw out the gorse tunnel after speaking with Willowleaf, but now she couldn't shake the thought that same ground was where one of her

own Clanmates was killed by a bloodthirsty fox.

She heard her sisters' breathing slow, signalling rest had come for them. Growling lightly with envy, she rolled over. She opened one eye when she heard the leaves of the floor rustle.

Her mother was standing at the nursery entrance, sunlight shining on her shadowy pelt, making it shine. Russetsky took a deep breath and padded through the vines, and Skykit was instantly on her paws.

Where could Russetsky be going? She never left her kits alone!

Careful not to step on her sleeping littermates, Skykit stood up and made her way through the den. Poking her head out, she caught side of her mother's pelt. Taking a deep, shaky breath, she bolted after it, making sure not to get too close that she would be discovered, but not too far away that her Clanmates would think she's up to no good.

After a moment, she realized where Russetsky was going. To the medicine den. Where her mate and her foster mother were.

Russetsky ducked under the lichen curtain. Skykit huddled near the entrance to the medicine den, not wanting to take the chance of being discovered by going inside.

"I just want to thank you," Skykit heard her mother's harsh voice. It was cracking with grief.

"For what?" Sandstar's raspy voice questioned.

"Being there for me," Russetsky meowed as if it was obvious. "when ThunderClan wouldn't accept me, you did. I will never forget you for that and you deserve so much better."

Sandstar purred. "You don't have to thank me. I'll always love you as if you were my own, Russetsky, don't ever forget that. You are apart of ThunderClan, and your ShadowClan birth will never change that. Your kits are beautiful, smart cats, they will serve this Clan well and I know no one will shoot them down for it." Sandstar said the words with certainty, and although they made Skykit's

heart warm, she felt strange about them.

Why would her own Clan shoot her down? Why was Sandstar even talking about the possibility?

"Russetsky, Bramblefrost," Willowleaf interrupted. Her voice sounded loud and strong compared to the two grieving cats.

Skykit had forgotten all together that her father was in the den. He had been silent.

"Long ago, Willowleaf and I were informed of a prophecy," Sandstar meowed, her voice even weaker.

"What was it?" Russetsky's voice sounded surprised and curious.

"The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan."

# Chapter 3

Sandstar had passed the next morning. Although she had served ThunderClan well for many moons, greencough had claimed her ninth life quickly. She was loved by all of her Clan, but no one grieved for the fallen leader more than Russetsky.

Sunblaze and Willowleaf set off for the Moonpool shortly after Sandstar had joined StarClan. Skykit sensed positive energy throughout the Clan. Their sick, pretty much useless leader had finally fallen after serving her Clan for so long. Skykit was always more than ready to be happy with her Clan, but only three cats weren't ready to see the bright side out of their leader's passing.

Russetsky, Bramblefrost, and strangely, Mousepaw.

Skykit couldn't quite tell why the brown apprentice wasn't happy, but she fully understood Russetsky and Bramblefrost. Russetsky had lost her mother figure, and Bramblefrost was mourning for his mate.

The Clan had shared tongues with their leader for a final time before the senior warriors had to bury Sandstar. The Clan was lacking elders, which Skykit supposed was one less burden on ThunderClan right now. Every once in awhile, she would catch Appleleaf looking longingly at the empty bramble den, but he never said a word out loud. She wondered how much longer the elderly warrior could keep at it.

After Sunstar had returned to camp Clan leader, he did not hesitate to give the Clan orders. Most of the Clan didn't mind and was happy to function as a full Clan again, but others like Russetsky needed time to grieve without being forced to eat and play with her independant kits.

Sunstar had given Featherpaw, Bumblepaw, Berrypaw and Mousepaw their warrior ceremonies. Mousepaw and Bumblepaw were made warriors with the two older apprentices because during

Sandstar's last days, she didn't think about ceremonies much. The four young warriors were welcomed to the Clan as Featherfur, Bumblefoot, Berrypelt and Mousetail.

Skykit, Shadekit and Rainkit were made apprentices not long after. Eager to start training as the Clan's only apprentices, they took on their 'paw names as Skypaw, Shadepaw and Rainpaw. Skypaw was pleased when she found out her mentor would be Hazelflower. She would get along well with the black she-cat, both bright and eager to learn. Shadepaw was assigned Flarecloud, and Rainpaw would train with Petalheart.

As moonhigh finally approached after the long day leading after Sandstar's passing, Sunstar leaped up the rocks onto the Highrock.

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey please gather beneath the Highrock for a Clan meeting!" His deep yowl sounded through the camp. Skypaw's eyes burst open, for she had been sleeping in the apprentice den after touring ThunderClan territory with Hazelflower. She gave her pelt a quick grooming before erupting into the clearing.

Skypaw scanned the clearing for someone to sit next to. Russetsky was sitting alone with Bramblefrost, but Skypaw thought sitting with her mother and father after being declared an apprentice would not be good for her image in the Clan.

Not to far off, Bumblefoot and Featherfur sat together, their tails twisted together and their heads bent down close as they spoke. Skypaw hadn't spoken to Featherfur since the day her and Bumblefoot brought her the vole, and she remembered the connection she thought she had seen. Turns out it had been love.

Appleleaf sat with Willowleaf at the other side of the clearing. Figuring an old tom and the medicine cat couldn't be so bad, she took a deep breath and padded over to them.

Appleleaf's and Willowleaf's eyes widened with concern as Skypaw approached. "Are you hurt?" Willowleaf meowed immediately.

Instantly regretting her decision, she meowed quickly, "No, I'm

fine." Appleleaf and Willowleaf exchanged a glance. "I'm fine!" Skypaw snapped.

"Sorry," Willowleaf meowed slowly. "Not to sound rude, but why are you here?"

"Am I not allowed to sit with you?" Skypaw asked. "I didn't realize we had Clan groups," she meowed, accusingly.

"We don't," Appleleaf spoke with the same tone as Willowleaf, gentle and cautious. "but it's not every day a young apprentice sits with an old tom and the medicine cat."

"I," Skypaw suddendly felt bad for Appleleaf. He didn't appear to have any friends in the Clan. ThunderClan gave him all the respect he deserved, but there's a difference between that and friendship. Skypaw realized that was probably the reason Willowleaf was over here with him in the first place. "I just didn't have anywhere to sit," she admitted.

Appleleaf's eyes brightened just a bit. "You can sit with us," he invited warmly.

"I'd have thought you'd be sitting with your littermates," Willowleaf meowed. "but there is nothing wrong with sitting with your other Clanmates. You are welcome to sit where you like."

"I don't like my littermates very much," Skypaw admitted, feeling a little bit more comfortable. "they never really paid much attention to me in the nursery. I was only with them because I had to be."

"You may not like them, but they could help you in the future. Don't let whatever bond you three ever had break at the call of freedom." Appleleaf warned. Skypaw liked this old tom. Maybe she would be his friend.

"Okay," she agreed, sincerely. "What happened to your littermates?"

Appleleaf's eyes darkened. "They were killed by a fox, Nightpaw and Brightpaw. At least, that's what Sunstar said. He was Nightpaw's mentor, and he had taken them out on a patrol." Skypaw's eyes widened.

"You mean, just like Moonfur?" Her tone was disbelieving.

"Exactly," Appleleaf meowed. He looked as if he wanted to say something else, but Willowleaf cut him off.

"Sunstar is about to speak," she meowed, her gaze leading to the Highrock.

"Cats of ThunderClan," Sunstar's mew was deep. "we are gathered here today to say our final goodbye to Sandstar. Today is the day a new deputy will rise, signaling Sandstar's leadership gone forever." Skypaw shifted uncomfortably on her paws. She glanced at Willowleaf, and the medicine cat's eyes were hardened into a glare. So maybe she wasn't the only cat who thought Sunstar's little speech was a little harsh.

Skypaw glanced at her mother. Russetsky's tail was bushed and her eyes were narrowed into slits. Deciding to dismiss the issue, Skypaw turned her attention back to her new leader.

"The warrior code states that a new deputy must be elected at moonhigh," Sunstar continued, his muzzle pointed to the bright moon. "and that is now." The Clan was dead silent, waiting for his next words.

"I am saying these words in the presence of Sandstar, so she can hear and approve my choice." Sunstar took a deep breath and his eyes raked over his Clan until he stared at one certain cat. "The new deputy of ThunderClan will be..."

End of chapter! Cliffhanger, I know. XD I already have the name of the deputy figured out, but just under curiosity I want everyone to comment the name of the cat who they believe will become ThunderClan's new deputy. XD None of your comments will change my choice, but I will find it interesting to see your responses. Thank you so much for reading, and I'll update hopefully very soon! :D)

# Chapter 4

"Russetsky." Sunstar's eyes had found the shadowy tabby she-cat as his eyes searched the Clan for his chosen cat. Baffled and horrified, Russetsky stared at him before rising to her paws.

Bramblefrost's eyes shone with pride as he watched his beloved mate stand as the new deputy of ThunderClan. Shadepaw's and Rainpaw's eyes danced with happiness and excitement, and Skypaw knew her expression must be the same.

"With pride, I announce you the new deputy of ThunderClan." Sunstar's bold meow made the fur along Skypaw's spine raise, but in a good way. She was too happy for her mother to be disturbed by her new leader now.

"Russetsky! Russetsky!" Bramblefrost's cheer was first to be heard. Quickly after, Skypaw and her littermates joined into the chant for their mother until all cats, including Sunstar were breaking out in cries of joy, for a reliable deputy had come.

"I," Russetsky's meow was full of shock. "I don't know what to say! Thank you, Sunstar. I will be sure to serve my Clan well as ThunderClan deputy." Russetsky looked sincere, and Skypaw knew that she was.

"Let ThunderClan thrive and may the Clans see that we are strong once more!" Sunstar's yowl hurt Skypaw's ears, but she seemed to be the only cat who was disturbed.

"How does that feel?" Appleleaf's mew snapped Skypaw out of her cheering. "Your mother being the deputy?"

"Wonderful," Skypaw replied warm-heartedly. "She deserves it."

"Sandstar didn't make a mistake raising that one, that's for sure." Appleleaf's eyes clouded with memory.

"You knew my mother when she was a kit?" Skypaw's meow was, once again, disbelieving.

"Of course, do I look younger than her?" The old tom's eyes shone with humor. Skypaw studied his appearance well for the first time. He looked somewhat like Mousetail, only more well-built and had a lot more muscle. His muzzle was almost completely gray. Skypaw thought it was a shame no she-cat claimed him as a mate when he was younger.

"What was she like?" Skypaw couldn't help but ask.

"Russetsky was a brilliant cat. Did nothing but train during her apprentice moons, trying to prove she was worthy of the ThunderClan title."

"You two should probably get some rest," Willowleaf interrupted. "It's getting late. You both have patrols tomorrow." Willowleaf's eyes glimmered as she looked at Skypaw. Skypaw couldn't be more excited. Hazelflower would teach her so much!

Saying goodbye to Willowleaf and Appleleaf, Skypaw headed to her den. Once she reached there, she saw Rainpaw and Shadepaw curled up together. Remembering what Appleleaf had told her, she decided to join them.

Skypaw was surprised when she noticed they were asleep. Didn't they want to talk about their first day as an apprentice like she did?

Her tail dropped to the ground when she realized her sisters probably chatted without her.

Refusing to let her un-liked littermates ruin her day, she curled up and let the memory of the happy cheering cats congratulating her mother soothe her into sleep.

*

•

*

"Skypaw!" Skypaw jolted awake to her name being called from the clearing. Bursting from the den, thinking she had overslept, she was blinking with surprise when she realized the sun was just rising. It was dawn.

"Morning!" Hazelflower chirped happily. Judging by Hazelflower's hazel eyes, Skypaw believed she was just as excited as she was.

"Morning!" Skypaw tried to sound just as enthusiastic as her mentor, but sleep hadn't fully left her body yet.

"Russetsky assigned us to the dawn patrol. Then, we're going to come back to camp, grab some fresh kill and get training." Now Skypaw was awake.

"Patrol?" She echoed excitedly. Maybe Russetsky had listened to her in the nursery when she blabbed about patrols, after all.

"Yes, patrol!" Hazelflower leaped a bit on her paws, too excited to stand still any longer. Skypaw wondered if she had been the young she-cat's first apprentice.

"Who's leading?" Skypaw questioned, eager to figure out who she would be checking the forest with.

"Hey!" Skypaw jumped as a voice called out to her in the just awakening camp. It was Mousetail.

"Hi, Mousetail," Hazelflower replied. Did Skypaw see a glimmer in her eye?

"Who are you going out on patrol with?" Mousetail questioned, excited for the two she-cats.

"Just us," Hazelflower meowed, then remembered her apprentice's previous question. "Sunstar is leading it himself." She boasted proudly.

Mousetail's excited expression faded. His eyes clouded over with something Skypaw couldn't quite place, and his tail lashed back and forth.

Mousetail murmured something, then padded away. But Skypaw had heard every word he said. It rattled her to think about why the young brown warrior would say such a thing.

"I'll pray to StarClan for your safety."

# Chapter 5

Sunstar sped quickly through the forest. With Skypaw behind Hazelflower, she was starting to get tired. She was not used the exercise like the full grown warriors.

"Go check the WindClan border," Sunstar's deep meow still made Skypaw uneasy. "I want to make sure the fox and the rogues are gone. I'm going to check the ShadowClan border to make sure they keep their muddy paws away from ThunderClan territory."

Hazelflower looked puzzled for a moment. "Okay," she meowed finally. "Come on, Skypaw." With that, she leaped through the undergrowth with Skypaw hard on her paws.

Skypaw glanced back at her leader. He was sitting on the forest floor, his piercing green eyes staring into her fur causing a chill to do down her spine. Turning away from him, she followed Hazelflower, greatful to be out of his sight before long.

"This isn't usually how a patrol goes," Hazelflower explains. "we usually check all the borders together."

"Why didn't you say something?" Skypaw questioned. "If you weren't comfortable, I mean."

Suddenly, Mousetail's last words to the two she-cats in camp echoed through her mind, clouding her thoughts. She blinked rapidly, confused. She wanted to keep her attention on her mentor.

"Sunstar's word is law," Hazelflower meowed. "and I wasn't uncomfortable. Just confused. Perhaps I will question his odd order the next time I see him."

"*I'll pray to StarClan for your safety,"* Mousetail's voice rang through her mind once again.

Skypaw was deep in thought as she bolted through the forest.

Although her mind was focused on something else other than her first run through her territory, she was still loving the wind in her fur and the texture beneath her paws. Willowleaf was right when she talked to her when she was still a kit.

Skypaw was still hard on Hazelflower's paws when she crashed into something quickly, and hard. Her paws skitted on the forest floor as she fell, feeling dazed as her shoulder ached. Twigs and brambles snagged her pelt until she finally came to a whirling stop.

"Skypaw!" Two familiar voices said at once. Skypaw opened her eyes, which she had squeezed shut in fear of injuring them, and saw her shocked mentor standing above her, as well as a gray tabby pelt.

"Rainpaw?" Skypaw meowed, surprised.

"Are you okay?" Rainpaw replied. Worry covered her sister's eyes.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Skypaw meowed, unsure of what had happened. She climbed to her paws.

"You were running quite fast," Rainpaw explained. "and silently. I didn't see you." Rainpaw explained quickly.

"It was all an accident," Hazelflower concluded. "You should get back to Petalheart, Rainpaw."

"I'm right here," Petalheart's white pelt weaved through the undergrowth until she stood among the group. Skypaw felt bad for her, between her white fur and her reddish eyes, life in the ThunderClan forest would not come easily. *Except in leaf-bare,* Skypaw thought to herself.

"Both apprentices are fine," Hazelflower meowed to the older she-cat.

"As long as they can train, all is well," Petalheart agreed. "Let's get back to climbing, Rainpaw."

"Can Skypaw and Hazelheart come?" Rainpaw meowed, her tone begging. Skypaw's heart warmed at the thought of her littermate

wanting to spend time with her now that they didn't have to.

"I'm on patrol," Skypaw's voice came out quietly with sadness. She would do anything to climb through the treetops with Rainpaw.

Rainpaw's tail dropped. "Oh," she meowed.

Petalheart changed the subject. "Only you two?" Disbelief sounded in her meow.

"Sunstar's leading, but he told us to go check the WindClan boarder when he checked ShadowClan's," Hazelflower meowed, disapproval now shining in her hazel gaze.

"That's odd..." Petalheart's voice trailed off in thought. "I don't think Sandstar would approve of this new way of patrolling."

Hazelflower looked like she was about to agree, but a fiery tom emerged from the bushes. "Sandstar is no longer leader," he meowed. "It's always good to try new methods of training and patrolling in order to improve ThunderClan itself," Sunstar's green gaze was hard.

"I never said anything different, Sunstar. Whether this is good for our Clan or not, Sandstar would not approve. There is no problem with that." Petalheart's meow was challenging, so Skypaw felt the strong need to change the subject.

*"I'll pray to StarClan for your safety,"*

"How was the ShadowClan boarder?" She questioned. "I haven't patrolled it yet."

Sunstar's gaze tore from Petalheart's and focused on Skypaw. The hairs on her neck rose, but she prayed to StarClan that her leader would not notice. This is the first time in her life the fierce leader had ever paid any attention to her, and even at her own apprentice ceremony he had not made eye contact with her once. She tried to forget that, feeling it was wrong and uncalled for, but every time she looked at the ThunderClan leader something inside of her was queasy with unease.

*"I'll pray to StarClan for your safety,"* Suddenly, she didn't take Mousetail's unintentional choice of words as a distraction, but a warning.

(Short chapter. Sorry, but I'm jumping on either ShadeCraft or Final Dawn. I'll update more tonight, I promise. XD I'm curious on how you guys are liking the story so far. Would you mind leaving some feedback in the comments? :D I would love that, and please note that the cover competition is indeed still going on, so please post your entries on either the Final Dawn website, Instagram, or Twitter! Thank you!)

# Chapter 6

"ShadowClan has been smart enough to keep their distance so far," Sunstar meowed. Skypaw's paws itched to run through the forest again and hide in camp as her leader spoke to her. She felt she could hear Mousetail's unease present inside of her.

"Why would they?" Hazelflower interrupted. Skypaw shot her a thankful glance as Sunstar took his spooky eyes off her. "We haven't battled with them in moons."

"They're ShadowClan," Sunstar replied. "you don't know what they could be up to."

"Don't let Russetsky hear you talking about ShadowClan," Petalheart meowed uncertainly. Skypaw and Rainpaw's eyes both bolted to the white she-cat. Petalheart looked confused for a second, but realization hit her as she remembered kits of the ThunderClan deputy were right in front of her. "S-sorry," Petalheart stammered. "I didn't mean it like that. Russetsky just doesn't like hearing about her home Clan."

"Indeed she doesn't, but that doesn't matter. She is a loyal ThunderClan deputy and her birth Clan is left behind. She's had to battle them before, and will certainly do it again. She will agree that they are all foxhearts, so what's the problem?" Sunstar meowed. "Let's finish this patrol, and you should get back to training Rainpaw, Petalheart."

Petalheart and Hazelflower both nodded. "Let's go, Rainpaw." Petalheart meowed before setting foot through the forest from the place Rainpaw and Skypaw collided.

"I'm going to be at camp," Sunstar informed the two she-cats. Hazelflower's eyes widened in shock.

"Aren't you going to come with us?" She questioned. "This is a patrol!"

"I have my reasons and I did my half." Sunstar meowed deeply. Skypaw's skin crawled. "Go patrol WindClan." Sunstar ordered. Hazelflower seemed to be worry-some about the ThunderClan leader as well, so she simply nodded and flicked her tail signalling Skypaw to follow as she set off towards the WindClan moor.

Once they were out of earshot of the ThunderClan leader, Hazeflower broke the silence that was growing between them. "He should be with us," she meowed sympathetically. "Your first patrol doesn't even feel like a patrol, but a simple game of running around the forest."

"It's okay," Skypaw meowed. "Sunstar has a lot on his paws right now." She tried to come up with something to say.

"With what? With a functioning deputy and a healthy medicine cat, plus all of the greencough gone from ThunderClan? He sure seems paw-full." Hazelflower's tone was heavy with frustration.

"Leader's word is law," Skypaw remembered Russetsky meowing those words to her. She felt it was appropriate to repeat them to her mentor.

Hazelflower did nothing but sigh. After
a little while, they reached the WindClan border and patrolled it, finding no issues with no problem at all.

*

•

*

"No issues with WindClan, Russetsky." Hazelflower meowed to the ThunderClan deputy as her and Skypaw padded into camp. Now that sunhigh had come, Skypaw was hungry.

"Hi, Skypaw," Skypaw was half way to the fresh kill pile when a familiar meow called her name.

"Featherfur," Skypaw meowed, surprise clear in her voice.

"I'm sorry we haven't talked since I've became a warrior and you an apprentice," Featherfur meowed apologetically. "I've kind of let our relationship slip out of my paws."

"It's okay," Skypaw replied, shaking it off. "we both have duties for our Clan now."

"True," Featherfur agreed. "Bumblefoot just thinks I've just been sheltering myself ever since we became mates,"

"So it's official, then?" Skypaw asked. "You..being together, I mean."

"Yes," Featherfur's eyes lit up. "It has been awhile, we just didn't tell the Clan right away."

"I see," Skypaw didn't know what else to say.

"I got to go on sunhigh patrol," Featherfur dismissed herself. "I'll talk to you later."

Skypaw didn't have time to say anything else before the tabby she-cat was on her way. Russetsky, Bramblefrost and Bumblefoot were waiting at the thorn tunnel, looking at Featherfur expectantly as she approached.

Skypaw set off for the fresh kill pile again. After using her paw to shuffle through the pile and being scolded by Duskwave for being too picky, she picked up a plump, fresh vole. Sniffing it carefully, she caught her sister's scent on it. Shadepaw must have brought this back from training.

Skypaw found a nice shaded spot underneath one of the trees that hung over the camp. Russetsky once told her that the fallen tree in the clearing once looked like this, that the cats that lived before her were creative enough to make the fallen tree a part of their every day life.

Skypaw bit into her vole happily, her stomach growling in satisfaction of finally being fed. Skypaw glanced around camp, taking in the normal routine of ThunderClan. Firesoul and Flowermoon were cleaning out the nursery with Rainpaw. Skypaw realized that the nursery hasn't been in use since her and her

siblings moved into their apprentice nests.

When Firesoul leaped ontop of the nursery to replace some twigs, Skypaw thought he was just making it sturdier for the next mother to move in. She wondered who that would be. Featherfur, maybe? Only Featherfur and Bumblefoot had only been warriors for just barely a moon, there is no way Featherfur would set aside her newly found warrior duties to move into the nursery to raise kits. She and her mate were young, but Skypaw suspected they had been mates in secrecy for some time, longer than Featherfur lead on. Maybe she would raise kits early after all.

Skypaw bit back a meow of amusement as she realized the twigs Firesoul was replacing had tiny claw marks on them. Her mind flashed back to the beginning of her fifth moon, when Rainpaw and Shadepaw had a bet of who could climb to the top of the nursery. Of course, Shadepaw did not hesitate to show off her long claws, inherited from Bramblefrost.

Rainpaw seemed to see the twigs and have the same memory, because before long she was padding over to Skypaw. "Those twigs, am I right?" She meowed humorously.

"Shadepaw sure left her mark on the world," Skypaw meowed, amusement hanging heavy in her voice. Once again, she thought of Appleleaf's speech about her bond with her sisters. Rainpaw and her were getting along on better terms than they ever have been, but Skypaw hasn't spoken to Shadepaw in she didn't know how many moons. Maybe she should work on that.

For the first time, Skypaw envied the close relationship Rainpaw and Shadepaw shared. Skypaw knew she disliked both her sisters when she was a kit when they were playing and having fun, but now she wished she took Russetsky's advice when she said it wasn't all fun and games when they got older and had to start serving their Clan. Once again, her mother had been right. She should have jumped in on the fun while it was right in her paw-hold.

"I wish we could go back in time," Skypaw meowed half to herself. Rainpaw heard and didn't hesitate to reply.

"You don't like being an apprentice?" Disbelief was in her tone.

"No, no," Skypaw meowed quickly. "I do, don't get me wrong. But I never played with you and Shadepaw when we were kits, and I wish I would have. Now, we never get to go out and have as much fun as the nursery moons. We only become warriors and die,"

"You're the first cat to make life in ThunderClan sound depressing," Rainpaw meowed, disgusted. "It's just not like that."

"The point is that we never get to be kits again," Skypaw corrected. "I want to be a warrior just as much as any other cat. Sorry for wishing I had a better relationship with you."

"Sorry," Rainpaw flattened her ears. "I didn't mean it like that. Our relationship is just fine, I mean, we're talking, aren't we?

"I guess so," Skypaw agreed. "but I haven't talked to Shadepaw since we were what, three moons old?"

Rainpaw's expression immediately darkened. Her eyes looked like ice, frozen and fragile. Her tail dropped down to the ground, and her ears continued to be flat against her head.

"We can talk later," Rainpaw muttered, turning and stalking away. She ducked out of camp, earning a view confused looks from Duskwave, Flarecloud and Appleleaf, but Skypaw didn't think she cared.

She *knew* Rainpaw didn't care.

Confusion rattling her mind, she ducked her head down to finish her vole. However, her eyes didn't move quickly enough to miss Sunstar's fiery green glare pouring into her fur.

(Hey guys, I'm back from the trip. I had an amazing time almost peeing on an insane amount of rollercoasters, but I admit I did miss Final Dawn, Shadecraft, Instagram, and Wattpad a little too much... XD It just proves how much you guys mean to me. Anyways, this is a longer chapter than I usually post, 1.3K+ words compared to my usual 800-1K words. I did it to make up for my absence and I will continue to update regularly from now on until either late July or

early August, when I go on another trip. XD Thank you for being patient and reading!)

# Chapter 7

"Thank you for serving ThunderClan, and may StarClan grant you many moons of rest." Sunstar's deep meow reached the ears of ThunderClan.

"Thank you, Sunstar," Appleleaf meowed and dipped his head. "I appreciate being able to live this long, because StarClan knows there are plenty of cats who deserve to but don't," Skypaw could tell the elder was talking about Moonfur.

Skypaw had finished her mouse moments before Sunstar tore his eyes slowly off her pelt and leaped onto the Highrock. Appleleaf had requested to become an elder, for his long moons of fighting and hunting for his Clan had finally come to an end.

Skypaw took a moment to realize that Stormpelt would now be the eldest warrior in ThunderClan. The gray warrior seemed to take notice of it too, because Stormpelt's back straightened and he lifted his chin a little bit in pride, for his Clan would respect him even more now.

"Thank you, Appleleaf," The Clan meowed their thanks to the graying old tom. Skypaw decided she would visit her friend in the elder's den and thank him later. Appleleaf had lived a long time, seeing three leaders come and go as if it was nothing. She heard Russetsky tell her about how he saw Graystar, the leader before Sandstar, die in battle. Mostly all of the Clan was expecting Sandstar to die when she did, but only one cat didn't get to see it happen.

*Moonfur.*

Skypaw hadn't ever seen Moonfur, for she was too young to leave the nursery when she recieved her warrior name. The only time she saw Moonfur at all was when her bloodstained body was laying out in the clearing for vigil.Willowleaf didn't want to waste all her lavender to clean and scent the young warrior's body when she

didn't have enough to even do half of it. She decided to save it. Russetsky didn't want her kits to see such a horrible sight, so they were rushed inside as quickly as they were forced out.

"Clan dismissed," Sunstar meowed before leaping off the Highrock. He quickly climbed the tumbled rocks up to his den, disappearing inside without looking back.

Skypaw climbed to her paws, ready to go head to the elders' den, where Appleleaf would be from now on. *He's going to be so lonely,* Skypaw thought.

"Skypaw!" Skypaw stopped and turned around, her mentor's black pelt running up to her. "Battle training?" Skypaw loved how Hazelflower asked her what she wanted to do. No matter how uneven Skypaw made her training plans, meaning three days hunting, one battle, Hazelflower always managed to make it all evened out in the end.

"I was just about to go to the elders' den," Skypaw explained. "but I could go after."

Hazelflower looked puzzled. "Why are you going to the elders' den?"

"I wanted to thank Appleleaf for serving ThunderClan personally," Skypaw explained. "I think I know him better than any other cat. Except Willowleaf, that is. He needs a friend." Hazelflower nodded briefly, her hazel eyes focused on something behind her.

Before Skypaw could turn around and look, she heard a familiar voice. "I appreciate you trying to be my friend, Skypaw, I really do. It means a lot that a young cat like you cares about an old tom." Skypaw whipped around, her ears hot with embarrassment. "But don't let me interfere with your training. The Clan needs you."

Skypaw was surprised when Appleleaf didn't look hurt or angry by her words. Instead, he looked sincerely appreciated and happy. His eyes were inviting, and she knew she had just made this old cat's day. Maybe he wanted to be her friend after all.

"Go train," He meowed. "We can chat later." Skypaw nodded and

turned away, Hazelflower lingering a little bit before following. Padding towards the gorse tunnel, she turned back and was surprised to what she saw and heard.

Appleleaf was purring, talking to Willowleaf. Both cats were looking at Skypaw, and Willowleaf's eyes shone with appreciation, approval, and admiration.

Waving her tail in acknowledgement, she turned back and ducked under the tunnel.

Hazelflower and Skypaw were trekking through the forest to the training hollow side by side when Hazelflower decided to break the silence. "I'm proud of you," she meowed.

"Why?" Skypaw hadn't done anything amazing in training lately.

"Appleleaf has been alone for many moons," Hazelflower explained. "No cat would talk to him except Willowleaf. Every once in awhile, she would get annoyed by his constant company as well. You're the first cat to care, and all of the other apprentices before you have even tried to avoid him."

Skypaw was surprised. Appleleaf was a friendly cat, a cat to go to in tough times. He was full of wisdom. She wouldn't be on wonderful terms with Rainpaw without him. She knew he was an honorable warrior, and still was up until just now. She knew that StarClan would welcome him with open paws when it was his time.

*

*

*

Skypaw batted at Hazelflower's side. Hazelflower swerved right after the blow and tried to smack Skypaw's ear, but she was too slow. Skypaw leaped out of the way and was on Hazelflower's back in seconds.

Hazelflower was not about to give up. She dropped on her back, squishing Skypaw. Quickly she flipped over and had her paw on

Skypaw's throat.

"That was good," Hazelflower meowed, her paw still on her apprentice's neck. "but you can do better."

Skypaw batted Hazelflower's paw away from her and stood up. "I know I can," she replied. "I have to. I will not loose a battle that quickly."

Skypaw was about to say something else until something leaped on her, knocking the wind out of her and made her tumble to the ground. Skypaw meowed in surprise and leaped to her paws, batting at her attacker.

"Good, Skypaw!" She heard Hazelflower's praise. "Keep going!" This fueled Skypaw's moves.

Her attacker's silver tabby pelt leaped out of the way as Skypaw leaped at it. Hissing in frustration, she saw it was going to run up behind her. Thinking quickly, she rammed into its side before it could finish the move.

Skypaw heard Hazelflower's meow of greeting as a white she-cat walked up next to her. Not daring to look longer than a second, she rammed into the silver tabby pelt again to stop it from getting up. Pinning it quickly, she placed her paw lightly on its throat, declaring victory.

"Well done!" Hazelflower meowed happily. Her eyes shone with pride at the battle won by her apprentice.

"Nice moves," Complimented the white fur that had talked to her mentor. It had been Petalheart.

"You can get off me now," Amusement was clear in the voice below Skypaw. She climbed off her sister, her tail high in joy. "You're going to have to teach me that move."

"What move?" Skypaw asked. She had used quite a few.

"The one where you kept running into me to keep me on the ground long enough for you to pin me," Rainpaw explained. "It was perfect.

I was not expecting that."

Skypaw purred. That had been a move she made up all by herself. "Can I?" She looked at the two mentors, waiting for approval.

"Of course," Hazelflower meowed at the same time Petalheart said, "I would love to see it."

Giddy with excitement, Skypaw took position as standing. Crouching low, she quickly stalked, aiming at nothing certain. Finally, when she felt that the imaginary creature was close enough, she leaped, turning to her side in mid air, landing with a powerful whack to what would have been her enemy.

Praise came out of all the cats in the clearing, but two meows Skypaw was not expecting. Spinning around, she was surprised when she saw her mother and father, standing at the entrance to the hollow with pride shining in their eyes.

"Bramblefrost, Russetsky," Hazelflower and Petalheart both dipped their heads in greeting.

"Wonderful move, Skypaw!" Bramblefrost purred.

"Thank you," Skypaw replied, happy to please her father.

"Hey, what about my move?" Rainpaw questioned. All of the cats in the small sandy clearing looked at her, confused. "I was the one who fell helplessly on the floor! Don't I get any praise?" Humor danced in her eyes.

Meows of amusement rattled the clearing. "Of course, Rainpaw," Russetsky meowed. "You lost a battle. We are very pleased." Her mother teased.

Rainpaw purred. Skypaw joined in, and soon Bramblefrost and Russetsky were purring as well.

"I say we go hunt," Russetsky recommended. "All of us," The ThunderClan deputy took a moment to glance at Hazelflower and Petalheart, who looked confused and out of place.

The two warriors nodded and Russetsky led the unusual patrol through the forest. Every once in awhile, they would stop at their own times and scent the air.

Skypaw decided to do the same. Only instead of the mouth-watering vole or mouse scent that she usually caught, she smelled something bitter and unfamiliar. "What's that?" She questioned.

All the cats stopped to scent the air. Rainpaw had the same expression Skypaw did, but Russetsky, Bramblefrost, Petalheart and Hazelflower had looks of alarm and fear plastered on their faces.

"Badger!"

(Another announcement by me *rolls eyes* XD I know this is probably getting annoying, but I want to say thank you for almost 150 views. :D

Something else I would LOVE for you guys to appreciate in doing is voting for each chapter. The more votes, the more my story is advertised on Wattpad for readers with fantasy interests. I don't want to sound greedy by doing so, but my Wattpad career depends on it. Clicking the star on the bottom of the page is all it takes!

Also, want your Final Dawn warrior name in Sky Fall? Comment it below with his or her description, interests, and your Minecraft IGN (In game name). Sky Fall's cover contest is still going on, so I'm looking for entries, entries, and more entries!

Keep reading, and also, something that nobody has done yet is comment their predictions. Who do you think will outstand the badgers, and who will be conquered?)

# Chapter 8

The cat who cried badger was Hazelflower.

"Stay together!" Russetsky hollered. Before Skypaw or Rainpaw could do or say anything, the warriors had crowded around them in a circle, trapping the two apprentices inside.

"Let us out!" Skypaw hissed. "We can fight!"

"Badgers are risky," Bramblefrost meowed. Skypaw noticed his eyes were full of terror for his kits. They weren't even warriors yet and they were facing their first badger, something not even some of the older warriors had seen.

Large pounds were storming through the forest. Rainpaw and Skypaw shared a glance, and she saw a reflection of herself in Rainpaw's eyes; fear. Skypaw's ears wanted to melt, for the pounds were getting much closer. She could feel the vibrations of the ground beneath her paws.

"We need to warn camp!" Russetsky hissed. "Sunstar needs to know!"

"No need," The familiar deep meow reached Skypaw's ears just as her leader's flaming pelt emerged from the bushes. Blizzardfur, Stormpelt, Duskwave and Firesoul ducked out of the bushes after him.

Skypaw noticed how much muscle the warriors standing in front of her had. Looking down at her own limbs, she noticed she was very much lacking. Even Rainpaw seemed to have more stronger legs than Skypaw did. *I'm no match for a badger,* Skypaw thought to herself.

"Who's guarding camp?" Russetsky asked the ThunderClan leader. Skypaw was relieved that her mother seemed to have trust in this eerie cat. Maybe he wasn't so bad, after all.

"Flowermoon and Flarecloud," Sunstar answered. "Shadepaw's guarding Appleleaf. The warriors are taking positions around camp, for there are no unguarded cats that can't fight, but we can't afford for our camp to get too damaged."

"Look out!" Petalheart hissed. Skypaw's eyes darted ahead and saw the brown, huge figures with a single stripe coming at her and her Clan. Sunstar yowled something that Skypaw couldn't quite make out, but he darted in the direction of the badgers. Bramblefrost, Russetsky, Duskwave and Blizzardfur were on his heels.

"Remember your training," Hazelflower and Petalheart meowed in unison before taking off after their leader and deputy.

"It's going to be okay," Stormpelt's raspy meow sounded. He gave the apprentices a reassuring look before bolting away.

"Do we go?" Rainpaw and Skypaw hissed at each other in unison. They were as confused as two voles scenting cat.

"Yes," One more fiery pelt ran up next to them. The brother of Sunstar and Flarecloud, here was Firesoul. "Remember your battle training, and don't run towards camp.The badgers will follow you." He instructed. "Follow me."

As his flaming fur ran ahead, Skypaw and Rainpaw were hard on his heels. The bitter scent Skypaw had caught earlier was stronger. She heard her mother's and Sunstar's battle cries yowl up ahead, signalling ThunderClan had met the badgers and was officially in battle. Firesoul's fur bristled and his claws unsheathed, so Skypaw knew he was waiting to sink his own claws into the flesh of such an evil creature on their territory.

Skypaw didn't dare look at anything else but the path in front of her. Her paws pounded on the hard forest floor, and she was concentrating hard not to get herself tangled in brambles in her first battle. Lungs burning from breathing so hard, she looked ahead. She took in a sharp gasp when she saw how huge the badgers actually were. As terrified as she was to see her Clan fighting the enormous creatures, she was starting to get excited of thinking of fighting one herself.

As soon as they caught up to the yowling sounds and the already bloodstained scene, Firesoul cried a vicious cry and leaped at one of the badgers Sunstar was fighting. Skypaw took a moment to notice the scowl on his face, how his claws were unsheathed all the way and how he quickly dodged out of the way when the badger seemed to try to hit him with one of their powerful paws.

Skypaw was about to turn around to see where Rainpaw was, but claws raked her back. Howling in pain, she spun around just in time to see a badger's large paw hit her side. Flying across the clearing and landing with a sickening thud, she could feel blood pouring from her claw marks. Her head dizzy and her body stinging, she reluctantly climbed to her paws.

However, Skypaw was too late. The same badger was already upon her, its claws drenched in her blood. Its large and deadly mouth opened and its eyes settled on her neck. Preparing for the worst, she tried to run, but her spinning head from her fall brought her crashing down to the ground once more.

Just when she thought she was about to join StarClan, two familiar growls rang through her ears. Glancing at the badger, she saw a shadowy russet pelt leaping at it's neck, and a dark brown tabby pelt clawing at its shoulders. Her mother and father had come to save her.

Skypaw had finally recovered enough to climb to her paws. Fearful but determined, she leaped at the badger's neck, as Russetsky had done. She was surprised when she felt her claws slash it's flesh, and a cry of pain come from it. This fueled her strength and she slashed its side.

Backing away, pretending to look scared and afraid, she let out a small wail. The badger took advantage of this supposedly injured apprentice and charged towards Skypaw, but she was not done with her fight. She started to run towards it, and feeling it was close enough, she leaped. Concentrating more than ever on turning perfectly to her side in the air, she felt a large wave of triump when she collided with the badger's face in a swift and poweful way.

Dropping after her blow, she landed on her paws. Slashing at the

badger's eyes a few more times, it began to run away, cries of terror coming from its mouth. Skypaw didn't blame it. Russetsky and Bramblefrost had injured it well, and now Skypaw had left her own mark on its pelt.

The feeling Skypaw had was incredible. She just defeated a badger! The warriors had been right, to use her training. She had pretended she was fighting Hazelflower the best she could to impress her, only it was for real. Teeth beared and claws unsheathed, she had finally done it.

The other badgers, seeing one of its kind run away, freed themselves from the fight with ThunderClan. They ran after their friend, unaware of what had happened to them. The Clan cats looked confused, for apparently, badgers stayed and fought for longer amounts of time. One by one, sighs of relief and cries of victory ran from the ThunderClan cats.

However, Skypaw was worried she had done something wrong when two cats above all were not cheering with victory. Russetsky and Bramblefrost's eyes, wide with terror, focused behind her.

Confused, she turned around and followed her parents' eyes. She felt her own jaw drop when she saw the bloody, motionless sight in front of her.

Rainpaw.

# Chapter 9

Russetsky and Bramblefrost bolted up to Rainpaw. Her body was covered in blood, and Skypaw prayed that all of it wasn't hers.

Skypaw found her paws following her parents. Although Rainpaw's broken body wasn't something Skypaw wanted to see, she felt it was proper that she go grieve with her family.

Skypaw instantly regretted her decision. Rainpaw's eyes were closed, her ears pinned to the back of her head. One was even torn. Her flank was filled with numerous deep gashes, and her normally pretty silver tabby fur was matted and a crimson color from blood.

Russetsky wailed. Bramblefrost turned to look at Sunstar, waiting for an order. Disgust layered his face when he noticed Sunstar wasn't even paying attention to the fallen apprentice, he was grooming his own fur. Skypaw looked a bit closer. Her nose wrinkled, reflecting her father's disgust as she noticed Sunstar only had a few scratches on him, and they weren't even deep. Surely the warrior code didn't allow this?

Skypaw's eyes moved along the rest of the patrol, who were paying attention and were horror-struck. Stormpelt had a look of undoubted grief, and Skypaw remembered that Stormpelt was the father of Bramblefrost. Her grandfather was grieving for his granddaughter that could be on her way to StarClan.

"We need Willowleaf!" Russetsky wailed once more. Stormpelt, Petalheart, and Skypaw were on their paws within seconds, racing through the forest in the direction of camp.

Skypaw was watching the forest floor for brambles, something she still needed to look out for. When she glanced ahead, she noticed Petalheart's white pelt was crimson as well. When she glanced back, Skypaw tried not to shiver at the horrid sight it was. Her bloodstained pelt clashed with her reddish eyes.

Stormpelt's shoulder had a deep gash, but nothing more looked to serious. Stormpelt wasn't elderly quite yet, but he certainly wasn't young.

As the ThunderClan rescue patrol ducked into camp, they were greeted with gasps. Skypaw felt multiple eyes of her Clanmates burning into her pelt, taking in her injuries.

"What's happening?" Flarecloud had been pacing around camp, racing to greet the bloody warriors. Skypaw remembered Sunstar had left Flarecloud and Flowermoon as guards.

"The badgers are gone, but Rainpaw is severely injured," Petalheart summarized as Stormpelt ducked into the split rock, looking for the pretty familiar tortiseshell pelt of the ThunderClan medicine cat.

"Anyone else injured?" Flowermoon was by Flarecloud's side a few moments later.

"Not sure, we didn't look," Petalheart stared at her paws at how horrible that sounded.

"What?" Flarecloud and Flowermoon said in unison.

"I know," Petalheart sighed. "I don't know why exactly, that's usually the first thing we do." Petalheart replied, flattening her ears. Skypaw's memory took her back to the look of disgust on her father's face as he stared at the ThunderClan leader.

"It's because Sunstar wasn't paying attention to anything but himself!" Skypaw snapped. Her father's disapproval layered with her own, plus her sister's near death fueled the hostility in her. Petalheart, Flarecloud, and Flowermoon both snapped their heads to look at Skypaw, surprised at her words.

"What do you mean?" Flowermoon questioned, turning her head to the side in confusion.

"Bramblefrost was glaring at him when he saw he was only grooming his own fur instead of caring after the Clan first," Skypaw admitted, now staring at her own paws. How could she tell off warriors, when she wasn't even half of one?

"That's not right," Flarecloud meowed. "I'll have a talk with him."

"Be careful," Skypaw hadn't even noticed the scrawny body of Mousetail appear. "Sunstar isn't always the..." The brown warrior trailed off. Skypaw knew he was having trouble looking for words. "easiest cat to talk to."

Before any of the warriors could question Mousetail, he bounded off. Skypaw watched him duck into the warriors den, a place forbidden for her to go as an apprentice, so she turned her attention back to the older she-cats she was talking to.

However, Skypaw couldn't help but feel triumph that she wasn't the only cat who had an awkward feeling about Sunstar. As much as she wanted to believe it, maybe he wasn't the powerful leader ThunderClan willed him to be.

Petalheart had sat down just as Sunstar and the rest of the patrol padded into camp. The sickening feeling Skypaw had about the ThunderClan leader worsened as the ginger tom, shining bright like fire, emerged proudly into camp with a patrol of bloody, matted-furred cats that followed.

Sunstar leaped onto the Highrock. "Cats of ThunderClan!" His deep call rattled the camp.

Skypaw decided to just sit down where she was. She wanted to go sit down next to Willowleaf and Appleleaf once more, but she knew there was no time to move. This was a serious issue.

Glancing at the medicine den, where her family had disappeared into, she noticed Russetsky and Bramblefrost sat at the entrance. Willowleaf did not join them, and Russetsky did not sit under the Highrock in the deputy's seat that she had yet to use. Shadepaw ducked out of the elders' den with Appleleaf following, but he stayed behind and sat at the entrance to his own den while Shadepaw sat down, alone. Skypaw's heart ached as she saw the fear and confusion plastered on her sister's face at the absence of Rainpaw.

"As you know, we met the patrol of badgers in the forest," Sunstar

reported. "We were able to stop and defeat them before they reached camp." The ThunderClan leader halted his speech and let the cries and meows of victory echo through the camp before continuing. "Camp remains intact with only one cat seriously injured,"

"Who?" Appleleaf's voice asked. Sunstar's eyes landed on him. Skypaw shivered at the thought of her friend being penetrated by his eerie stare. Glancing back at the ThunderClan elder, she was surprised and relieved when Appleleaf seemed unnerved.

"Rainpaw?" Sunstar replied, moving his gaze to Russetsky. When Russetsky nodded her head, he confirmed himself. "Yes, Rainpaw."

Skypaw and multiple other cats including Russetsky, Bramblefrost, Petalheart, Hazelflower and Flarecloud's expressions turned to pure disapproval and disgust. How could the leader of all cats not be certain on a dying cat? *He was lucky he guessed correctly,* Skypaw thought. Meanwhile, Appleleaf's face shone with relief and Shadepaw's was blinded by terror.

"As long as it wasn't Skypaw," Appleleaf meowed, mostly to himself. However, a few cats still heard it. Their gazes moved to Skypaw, confused, and she, reluctantly, turned her eyes to her leader.

"We are ThunderClan, and we are strong!" Sunstar's yowl was so loud that Skypaw was sure that RiverClan had heard it.

Leaves from Sunstar's enormous yowl of victory fell form the trees, disturbed. Skypaw's eyes found one as it drifted down slowly and landed perfectly on Sunstar's head. She found her eyes unable to tear away from it. Suddenly, a glow appeared, surrounding the mysterious leaf, blocking Skypaw's vision from anything else but the beautiful, fallen leaf.

*"The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan."*

(OMO! OMO! OMOMOMOMO! *flips out and dies* Thank you so much fo 236 READS! This just made my weekend! I love you guys so much. :D I hope you guys are enjoying Sky Fall, because I put a lot of work into it. I hope you're wondering about Sunstar... :3

Anyways, please vote, comment, and tell your friends!

And thank you for all the players who have been telling me about the griefs. I appreciate it a lot, and who knows, maybe some of the repairers could maybe become staff one day?

Anywho, I don't care about those griefing morons. They're all idiots, anyway.)

# Chapter 10

*The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan.* Skypaw thought to herself. The leaf shone brighter for a moment after the mysterious words before vanishing completely. Sunstar shaked his head, Skypaw's vision returned. As he did so, the leaf fell onto the Highrock, him seeming unaffected.

Skypaw was sure that she had missed some sort of the meeting. Her leader's gaze landed on her for a few moments, his green gazes all shades of curiosity. He dismissed the Clan and leaped off the Highrock soon afterwards.

Skypaw looked around the Clan, trying to see if her Clanmates had recieved the same words as she had, or if they were looking at her weirdly. ThunderClan rose to their paws. Russetsky and Bramblefrost ducked back into the medicine den, and that's when Skypaw's eyes focused on a tortiseshell pelt.

Skypaw hadn't noticed that Willowleaf had emerged from her den. Her amber eyes stared at Skypaw, her tail lashing back and forth. She only switched her gaze when a shadowy young apprentice approached her.

"Hi, Willowleaf," Shadepaw's eyes were nervous. "Can I maybe see Rainpaw?" Willowleaf didn't say anything for a few seconds.

"Not now," The young medicine cat concluded. "She needs her rest." Shadepaw looked angry.

"But Russetsky and Bramblefrost are in there!" She contradicted.

"Russetsky is Clan deputy and her and Bramblefrost's kit is healing," Willowleaf replied sharply. "Do you expect me to say no to Russetsky?"

Shadepaw looked guilty. "Sorry," Skypaw barely made out the pathetic mutter from her sister.

Willowleaf dismissed Shadepaw with a flick of her tail. Shadepaw didn't say another word before stalking away, her green eyes like green fire.

Skypaw surprised herself when her sister's green gaze reminded her of Sunstar's. She shook her head to clear it.

Her mind focused back on the leaf. She remembered how brightly it glowed, blocking her eyesight from anything else in the Clan. How Sunstar had seemed to be unaffected by the leaf, but took notice in Skypaw staring. Had her eyes had a message or emotion in them that she was unaware about?

Surely Skypaw could not keep this sign to herself. It could be from StarClan! But the real question was, who could she trust enough to go talk to about this serious situation that she didn't even know what it meant?

Her mind flashed to Russetsky, the ThunderClan deputy and her mother. She would be a good source to go to, experienced and full of wisdom.

But she also had ties to Sunstar, a cat Skypaw had a sudden urge not to trust. She wondered if she would ever go to Sandstar, the cat who acted as her grandmother if she were still ThunderClan leader. She thought about the relationship Russetsky and even Bramblefrost had with her. Her mind flashed back to the time she was a kit and overheard her parents and Sandstar talking the night before the fallen leader's death.

*"I just want to thank you," Skykit heard her mother's harsh voice. It was cracking with grief.*

*"For what?" Sandstar's raspy voice questioned.*

*"Being there for me," Russetsky meowed as if it was obvious. "when ThunderClan didn't accept me, you did. I will never forget that and you deserve so much better."*

*Sandstar purred. "You don't have to thank me. I'll always love you as if you were my own, Russetsky, don't ever forget that. You are apart of*

*ThunderClan, and your ShadowClan birth will never change that. Your kits are beautiful, smart cats, they will serve this Clan well and I know no one will shoot them down for it." Sandstar said the words with certainty, and although they made Skykit's heart warm, she felt strange about them.*

*Why would her own Clan shoot her down? Why was Sandstar even talking about the possibility?*

*"Russetsky, Bramblefrost," Willowleaf interrupted. Her voice sounded loud and strong compared to the grieving cats.*

*Skykit had forgotten her father was in the den. He had been silent.*

*"Long ago, Willowleaf and I were informed of a prophecy," Sandstar meowed, her voice even weaker.*

*"What was it?" Russetsky's voice souned surprised and curious.*

*"The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan."*

*That's it!* Skypaw thought to herself. *That's what I heard! That's the prophecy!*

That means that Russetsky, Bramblefrost, and even Willowleaf knew of the prophecy that Skypaw was told. But yet another layer of confusion covered Skypaw's mind.

When Sandstar and Willowleaf informed the two mates about the prophecy, they were leader and medicine cat. Skypaw knew it was normal for such cats to recieve StarClan's messages, for they were very important members of the Clan. Russetsky was the future deputy of ThunderClan, which StarClan had known. Bramblefrost was her mate and was there, so he also had a valid reason to have knowledge of it.

But what about Skypaw? She was just another normal ThunderClan apprentice! Why did she deserve to know of StarClan's message, let alone be told through a leaf from a stupid old weeping willow tree?

Skypaw sighed. Willowleaf certainly knew about the prophecy, it was proven. Skypaw glanced at the tree that the leaf had fallen

from. It was a Weeping Willow, it standing high into the sky. It's branches swayed in the wind, however, no more leaves cared to drop while Skypaw was paying attention to them.

*Who can I talk to? Russetsky and Bramblefrost will tell Sunstar for sure!*

Just then, it was like pieces of a puzzle connected in Skypaw's mind. The *leaf* had fallen from a weeping *willow* tree.

*Willowleaf!*

When Skypaw leaped to her paws and began to walk to the medicine den, she glanced up. The ThunderClan medicine cat's amber eyes were still set on her, her tail wrapped neatly around her paws. Her gaze was expectant of the young ThunderClan apprentice. Willowleaf had been waiting for her.

"About time," Willowleaf meowed when Skypaw got close enough. Skypaw's ears flattened.

"For what?" She meowed, defensively.

"You were staring at the tree forever, I thought you would never figure it out," Willowleaf explained briefly. "Now, let's go out in the forest, what we are about to discuss is for no cat's ears to hear."

# Chapter 11

Willowleaf and Skypaw stayed silent as they padded through the forest. It had started to mist, leaving the she-cats' pelts damp and uncomfortable.

Skypaw's paws itched to go back to camp, but she knew they would be discovered there. By the amount of distance Willowleaf was taking her from camp told Skypaw the ThunderClan medicine cat was paranoid, too.

Skypaw almost tripped over Willowleaf when she came to a sudden stop. Skidding in the mud for a few moments, she was finally able to recover her balance and she stared at the medicine cat expectantly.

"Let's go to the old Thunderpath," Willowleaf meowed, Skypaw suspected Willowleaf wasn't talking to her, but to herself. But just to be sure, Skypaw gave a slight nod of acknowledgement and followed Willowleaf when she set off again, towards the abandoned Thunderpath.

When the two damp she-cats arrived, Willowleaf sat down on the edge. Even though this old path was usually inactive, ThunderClan was always sure to check all senses and signs for any Twoleg activity. Sitting on the abandoned Thunderpath would not be a wise move and they would surely be punished if they were found. Skypaw sat down next to her.

"StarClan showed you the prophecy," Willowleaf meowed. Skypaw wondered how she had known.

"So it was StarClan, then?" Skypaw asked, excitement tingling in her paws.

"No, it was an army of talking squirrels," Willowleaf meowed humorously. Skypaw stared at her paws. How could she have suspected it *wasn't* StarClan in the first place?

"Sorry," She muttered.

"It's okay." Willowleaf meowed. "What did they share with you, exactly?"

"*'The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan,'*" Skypaw repeated the same words her warrior ancestors had shared with her.

"That's the one," Willowleaf replied.

"Why me?" Skypaw asked, continuing to stare at her paws. She felt Willowleaf turn her head and look at her.

"Why you what?" She meowed, surprised. "How much do you know?"

Skypaw stared at the medicine cat. She didn't think there was more. "Why they chose me to trust with the prophecy," Skypaw eyed her suspiciously. "What do you mean, 'how much do I know'? Don't I know everything?"

Willowleaf changed the subject quickly and ignored Skypaw's question. "You play a part in the prophecy," Willowleaf meowed carefully.

"But why me?" Skypaw pawed a pebble onto the Thunderpath. Willowleaf jumped, not expecting the movement on the old path. Skypaw muttered an apology.

"You're the cat StarClan chose, Skypaw," Skypaw could tell the medicine cat was still watching her words. Her tail lashed with frustration.

"But *why?"* Her tone came out a little harsh. Willowleaf seemed unaffected, so she didn't bother to apologize.

"Only StarClan knows," Willowleaf explained. "I was just informed about it, just like you were. I didn't make the plans." Willowleaf said her words with certainity, so Skypaw suspected that she had planned them.

"Who knows?" Skypaw asked. Time to put her knowledge into

action.

"Your mother and father." Willowleaf lashed her tail. "No other cat."

Skypaw glared at Willowleaf. "Sandstar knew."

Willowleaf leaped to her paws, looking at the ThunderClan apprentice. "How'd you know?"

Skypaw instantly regretted pulling the medicine cat out for her lie. How would she explain herself?

Skypaw opened her mouth to reply, but suddenly, something rattled in the bushes.

Willowleaf had heard it too, because she slapped her tail over Skypaw's mouth to stop any words from flowing out. Both she-cats had ears perked, mouths opened and lashing tails. Skypaw froze when she heard forces, stretching her ears even further to try to hear.

"Shut up, Hawkpaw," Skypaw narrowed her eyes. This was a scent and a voice that was unfamiliar to her.

"Sorry, Nightflare," A tom's voice, who Skypaw assumed was Hawkpaw, replied. Willowleaf's eyes widened.

"ShadowClan," The medicine cat whispered. "They must be in trouble."

"Those are ShadowClan cats? On ThunderClan territory?" Skypaw's fur began to rise. She had heard nursery tales about these wicked cats. The cats who wind chilled their hearts and made them bloodthirsty. Not to mention, Russetsky's birth Clan was not friendly to the Clan who took her in as a kit when she should have been raised in the Clan of Shadow.

"Not just any ShadowClan cats," Willowleaf replied. "Their medicine cats."

Suddenly, a she-cat with a black pelt emerged from the bushes, followed by a shadowy gray apprentice. Skypaw's mind went to

Russetsky and Shadepaw, for the three of them looked almost identical. Russetsky had brought ShadowClan looks into the ThunderClan forest.

The cats meowed with surprise. Their pelts bushed up and their eyes went wide. Once their eyes settled on Willowleaf, they sighed with relief. "Thank StarClan it's you, Willowleaf." The black she-cat meowed.

"Nightflare," Willowleaf meowed a greeting. "We thought we heard your voices out there."

"I apologize," Nightflare's speckled ears flattened with guilt. Then, the pretty ShadowClan she-cat's eyes focused on Skypaw. "I don't believe I've seen you before. Is this your new apprentice?" Hawkpaw's eyes brightened at the thought of a new ThunderClan medicine cat apprentice friend.

"No," Willowleaf meowed quickly. "This is Skypaw. She's training as a warrior and is the daughter of Bramblefrost and Russet-" Willowleaf cut off her words. Her eyes filled with worry as she watched Nightflare's reaction change.

"Russetsky..." Nightflare trailed off. "How is she doing?" Nightflare's eyes looked troubled.

"She's well," Willowleaf meowed briefly. "Sunstar elected her as deputy." Nightflare's eyes widened.

"Deputy? Of ThunderClan?" Her tone was disbelieving. She hadn't even brought up anything about Sandstar's passing, which had been still unknown to the rest of the Clans around the lake.

"Yes," Willowleaf stared at her paws. Skypaw's ears perked with confusion. Why was Nightflare so surprised? Just because her Clan lost a loyal warrior doesn't mean ThunderClan can't elect Russetsky as deputy!

"I never thought I'd be the littermate of the ThunderClan deputy," Nightflare whispered, something Skypaw suspected it was not supposed to be heard by the ThunderClan cats.

However, Skypaw did hear it. Her fur bristled and her tail lashed. The she-cat in front of her was her mother's ShadowClan sister!

(MWHAHA! Bet you didn't see that coming, Elaina. XD Anyways, I apologize that this chapter is so short. I have a lot to say, so by the time I do, it will fill up the 1.3K words.

First of all, I read your guys' comments on Chapter 10. I was actually quite surprised at the amount of feedback I recieved. Not to mention I almost cried tears of joy at your kind words! It warmed my heart tremedously and I never expected such a positive reaction to Sky Fall. The fact that you guys wanted me to update so quickly and that some of you even dropped what you were doing to read the update just makes me want to curl up in a ball in a corner and cry. I love you guys, and I will never, ever stop playing Minecraft or using Wattpad in my life.

Second of all, 317 reads?! Did I seriously look at that correctly?! There's no way! I can't believe that Sky Fall isn't even a week old and I've already reached 300+ reads. //dies// That goes over the amount of followers I have as well, by...I don't know, a few hundred?

I've been seeing a lot more voting activity go up as well. That makes me so very happy. :D Keep it up guys!

Heh, see, after my speech I've gone over my usual chapter limit and I even cut the chapter short. Told you. XD

But I also want you guys to know that I've been checking out your stories. Whenever someone follows me, I make a point of checking out your profiles. Even if I don't follow you, I add your books to my library, and continously check in..please don't take that as a stalker note. The last thing I need is a restraining order from any of you. XD

However, if any of you guys want me to comment my thoughts or rate your book on a scale of 1-10, I'd be happy to. I enjoy it when people do it to me, I would just like author's permission before I do so because it's not always wanted. :3

Anyways, continue being the best readers and I will hopefully have another update out for you tonight!

-Kaylin

P.S I'm also on Shadecraft at the moment if anyone wants to come online!)

# Chapter 12

Skypaw studied the cat in front of her. No wonder why she thought the ShadowClan medicine cat looked like Russetsky and Shadepaw! They were all related!

Skypaw's skin crawled when she realized she was related to the shadowy and speckled she-cat. Skypaw had no similarity to Nightflare except for their sky blue eyes. This was what Skypaw had been named for.

Or so she had thought. Maybe she was named after the mysterious sky in the prophecy? But certainly that couldn't be her. She must play another part in the prophecy. Maybe the actual sky would fall on the actual sun plunging ThunderClan into pure darkness?

Skypaw was snapped out of her thoughts when she noticed Nightflare's identical sky blue eyes studying her. Suddenly feeling shy, she took a tiny step back. Nightflare seemed to notice and brought her gaze to Willowleaf.

"ShadowClan is in trouble," Nightflare's gaze turned to sadness. "Dapplestar is on her last life and I can't seem to heal her." Skypaw felt strange. She had never recieved any Clan's information like this. She barely found anything out from ThunderClan itself!

Willowleaf seemed to take notice of this as well. With a flick of her tail, Nightflare stopped talking. All three medicine cats landed their gazes on Skypaw, making her feel awkward and alone.

"You should go back to camp, Skypaw," Willowleaf meowed. By the tone of the tortiseshell she-cat's voice held, she knew she should not contradict.

"What do I tell Sunstar about being out of camp?" She questioned. She didn't want to be trekking through the forest by herself, let alone face the spooky ThunderClan leader alone.

"That you were out with me and we will speak later," Willowleaf's tone sharpened. Skypaw lashed her tail in acknowledgement and gave the ThunderClan medicine cat a quick glare before dipping her head to the ShadowClan cats.

"Nice to meet you," She muttered before turning and padding away in the direction of camp. Her tail lashed with frustration. She barely knew Willowleaf, but she certainly realized she had a taste for bossing around the Clan.

Skypaw's pelt burned with the stares of the medicine cats. She knew they were watching, particularly Willowleaf'. Nonsense! *Like I would spy on a medicine cat meeting that Sunstar didn't know about,* She snickered to herself. On the other paw, it did seem like a good idea, but she knew better and continued to trek through ThunderClan's territory.

She opened her mouth and took a deep breath. Her skin crawled when ShadowClan filled her senses. Rolling her eyes, she continued to walk.

"Skypaw!" Skypaw leaped and her fur bushed quickly out of shock. Her eyes darting around the terrain, she let out a breath that she hadn't known she was holding with relief.

"You scared me, Featherfur!" Skypaw exclaimed when she saw the silver pelt of her friend come into view. She purred a greeting.

"What are you doing out here by yourself?" Featherfur questioned. Her mouth opened and Skypaw slapped her tail to stop her from breathing in. Featherfur mumbled something Skypaw couldn't understand and she whisked her tail back.

"ShadowClan medicine cats are on ThunderClan territory talking to Willowleaf," Skypaw explained quickly. "Sunstar doesn't know and apparently ShadowClan is in trouble. Dapplestar's on her last life and Nightflare can't seem to heal her." Suddenly, she realized that was information she probably shouldn't have told. Oh well, this is what ShadowClan get for just walking around her territory!

Featherfur's eyes widened with shock. Her mouth opened and she

wrinkled her nose when she caught the heavy ShadowClan scent. "Where did you learn this?"

"I was with Willowleaf when we ran into them," Skypaw explained. "I think they were on their way to our camp, but I'm not sure. They certainly weren't expecting to find us where we were, though."

"Where were you?"

"On the edge of the abandoned Thunderpath," Skypaw answered.

"Why?" Skypaw drew in a sharp breath. She suddenly was surprised that Willowleaf was able to hold her patience when she was asking all these questions.

"Willowleaf wanted to talk with me," She replied, then whisked her tail, changing the subject. "Why are you out here alone?"

"I was looking for you," Featherfur glanced back in the direction of camp. "Russetsky was panicking. But, while we're here, I mine as well tell my favorite apprentice the news I've been holding,"

"Featherfur, you were an apprentice not that long ago."

"But I'm not anymore,"

"Well, it's a good thing I'm your favorite then, because Shadep-"

"Skypaw, are you going to let me finish?" The silver warrior's eyes danced with humor and something else that made Skypaw's heart sink.

Featherfur was nervous, but what about?

"Yeah," Skypaw meowed. "Is everything alright?"

"More than alright," Featherfur's eyes brightened. "Are you ready for this?"

"I'm ready."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes,"

"Are you sure you're sure you're ready for th-"

"Featherfur!" Skypaw snapped. "I'm ready, I promise. Also, you're horrible at stalling. Like I can't smell the fear scent on you!"

"Okay," Featherfur drew in a quick breath. "Bumblefoot and I are expecting kits,"

"Featherfur!" Skypaw leaped on her paws. "That's wonderful news!"

"Really?" Featherfur seemed relieved.

"Of course!" She meowed. "I can't wait for them to be born! Does Bumblefoot know?"

"Yes," The striped tom emerged from the bushes. "Of course I do." Featherfur purred.

"Were you there the whole time?" Skypaw questioned, surprised. She hadn't even caught the young warrior's scent due to the ShadowClan visitors.

"Yes," Bumblefoot purred with his mate. "I wanted to see your reaction. Featherfur insisted you had to be the first cat to know. And," He added. "Skypaw is right. You are horrible at stalling," Humor rose in his eyes as he spoke to Featherfur.

"Hey!" Featherfur playfully landed a light blow on her mate's ear. As much as Skypaw was happy for the two soon-to-be parents, she felt out of place.

This seemed to be happening a lot lately. First she was informed of the prophecy differently than the other cats, she was the only warrior out of the medicine cats, and now she was the young, out of place apprentice while her friend and her mate joked around.

"Well," Skypaw meowed uncomfortably. "I think I'm going to head to camp." Dismissing herself quickly, she continued her way to the ThunderClan living area.

When she was almost there, an ear-splitting shriek echoed throughout the forest and rang in Skypaw's ears. She heard scurrying paws pounding throughout the forest, and heard the battle cry of the one and only...

ShadowClan.

# Chapter 13

Skypaw's back arched and her fur bristled for the third time today. She bolted into camp.

"Sunstar!" She screeched. The happy buzz of the Clan halted and all the cats fell silent, staring at Skypaw with confusion. Russetsky and Bramblefrost raced out of the medicine den, and Appleleaf poked his head out of his own den.

Sunstar was out of his den within seconds and was bolting down the tumbled rocks. "Skypaw?" He narrowed his eyes at her. Whatever the ThunderClan leader had against her, she did not like it. However, this was not the time for such a thought.

"ShadowClan has invaded!" She hollered. Russetsky's back arched. The pelts of ThunderClan warriors bristled all around.

"Willowleaf and I were out talking when Nightflare and Hawkpaw were caught in our territory," Skypaw quickly explained. It took all she had to keep talking and to ignore Sunstar's piercing gaze meeting hers. "I was told to go back to camp so I did, but I stopped to talk to Featherfur. That's when we heard ShadowClan and a yowl!"

"Russetsky! Order patrols!" Sunstar hissed. Russetsky nodded and her eyes scanned the Clan.

"Hawkeye, Blizzardfur, Flarecloud and Flowermoon come with me!" The ThunderClan deputy hollered. Skypaw noticed she was choosing the healtiest cats. "Duskwave, Stormpelt, Shadepaw and Skypaw go with Sunstar!" Skypaw nodded at her order. Excitement tingled in her paws when she realized she would be fighting an enemy Clan for the first time.

Pity soon filled her heart when she glanced at the medicine den. Rainpaw would not participate in this battle.

Skypaw remembered that her scratches had not been treated by the ThunderClan medicine cat since the battle with the badgers, but she put that aside. Time to rip ShadowClan to pieces!

"Where's Willowleaf?" Bramblefrost's alarmed meow came from the entrance to the split rock. He hadn't moved since Rainpaw was submitted into Willowleaf's care.

"She's still outside with the ShadowClan medicine cats!" Skypaw replied. Her father's frosty blue eyes clouded over with fear. He was not the only cat who had realized that Willowleaf did not have an apprentice. If she was killed, ThunderClan would be absent of a healer.

"Let's go, then!" Sunstar's deep meow rang through camp. "Petalheart, Hazelflower and Jaysoul will be in charge of camp!" With a lash of his tail, he ducked through the gorse tunnel, the rest of his patrol behind him. Russetsky waited patiently for her turn to lead her patrol out of the ThunderClan camp.

Skypaw bolted through the forest. For the first time since they were kits, Shadepaw and Skypaw ran side by side, matching pawstep to pawstep. Skypaw's heart warmed for a moment before she realized once more that Rainpaw was absent.

"May StarClan light your path," Skypaw meowed to her sister. Shadepaw seemed surprised for a moment before replying.

"You too," The littermates shared a heart-warming moment before focusing on the battle that lay ahead.

Now that Rainpaw was still on the brink of going to StarClan, Skypaw knew how real the possibility was that each battle could be her last. Concentrating, she was sure to tell herself that every move counted.

Sunstar growled. Gasps and hisses came from the cats on his patrol, and Skypaw stretched to see what lay ahead. She wished she would have stayed to guard camp instantly.

ShadowClan were everywhere. Their scent filled the air, and

Skypaw even saw some cats marking ThunderClan trees with ShadowClan markers. Willowleaf, Nightflare, and Hawkpaw were no where to be seen.

"ThunderClan, attack!" Sunstar's deep meow brought ThunderClan the attention of the ShadowClan cats. Skypaw shivered. The coldhearted cat's eyes shone with eagerness and excitement. Their claws were sheathed and they crouched, ready for the fight ThunderClan was about to give them. Skypaw wished she could feel more confident in her fighting skills than the ShadowClan cats appeared, and she saw the doubt in the eyes of her Clanmates before they all leaped into battle.

Skypaw decided to launch her attack off with a mighty battle cry, as the other ThunderClan cats had done to show their arrival. She was surprised at how natural it felt, and how it caught the attention of a ragged gray pelt of a ShadowClan tom. She studied him for a moment. He had to be at least a moon younger than Skypaw, and she had only been training for three moons or so!

The tom hissed. Skypaw scowled at him, unsheathing her claws. Dropping into a crouch she usually used for hunting, she stalked around the apprentice. He copied her movements, something she guessed was supposed to fool her. Never.

She leaped at him. Her claws sank into his back, and one of her hint paws pinned his tail to the forest floor. Giving him a few blows, she stepped back, changing position. Before she could plan her next move the apprentice was upon her, lashing his claws against her face. Feeling her skin tear under his paws on the same cheek the badger had scratched, she let out an unwelomed cry of pain from the reopened, untreated wound.

This seemed to give the tom confidence. He leaped at her again, but she was ready. She side stepped, dodging his attack. He landed in the undergrowth face first, and Skypaw let out a meow of amusement before taunting him.

"Is that all you got?" Her eyes twinkled. Her confidence raised. She would beat him if her life depended on it.

"Nope, I believe we got ThunderClan territory too," He spat back. He looked around the area. More ShadowClan cats leaped into the clearing, quickly marking more ThunderClan trees.

"Think again, furball!" Skypaw's opponent was greeted with another hiss. Skypaw purred for a moment when she realized the source had come from Shadepaw. "You may think winning battles means marking trees, but we got claws to win ours!"

As soon as the words left Shadepaw's mouth, Russetsky and her patrol leaped out of the bushes with a mighty cry. Russetsky leaped at one of the ShadowClan marker cats, clawing her flank. The cat retailiated with a hiss once they realized who their attacker was, but Russetsky didn't seem offended. Instead, she used it against her birth Clan. Skypaw's mother raked the eyes of the cat she was facing, making them yowl.

"Get out of here, Frosttail," Russetsky hissed. The snow white cat, who's pelt was now stained with blood from her wounds and had one of her eyes squeezed shut, turned away. Running back through the trees, Frosttail crossed the real ShadowClan border without being bothered again.

A triumphant cry came from her mother. Skypaw decided to let one out too, and her mother turned to look at her. A purr escaped Russetsky's mouth before she launched herself into battle with another one of her former Clanmates.

Skypaw looked back at the ragged pelt of the apprentice she was battling. His eyes followed the path where Frosttail had fled. He looked at Skypaw and Shadepaw nervously before bolting after Frosttail. Skypaw guessed that she was his mentor, and this happened to be his first battle.

Skypaw and Shadepaw shared a yowl of victory together. Skypaw was about to ask Shadepaw who she wished to attack next, but the decision was out of her reach when a huge tom charged towards Shadepaw.

"Shadepaw, look out!" Skypaw hissed. Shadepaw spun around just in time. Her claws combined with the tom's face, a move that she

hadn't planned, but one out of defense. It had worked, though. The tom's sight was blinded by blood and Skypaw and Shadepaw leaped at him. Shadepaw aimed for his face again, but Skypaw did her one and only signature move.

She turned in the air. She couldn't be in a better position. Just turn a little bit more and she'd hit the tom's head...

Just as she was about to do so, a heavy, unwelcomed paw slammed against her flank, cutting her move short. Landing on the ground with a thud, she hissed and quickly looked up at her attacker.

A golden pelt of a she-cat stood above her. Her ears, paws, and tail tip had white speckles. Something eerie about her green eyes made Skypaw want to flee back to camp just by looking at them.

"A pity ThunderClan apprentice, fighting my warrior?" The cat taunted. "Looks like I will have to deal with this little cat myself."

The cat was about to lunge at Skypaw, and Skypaw let out a yowl of fear. Something told her that no matter how she tried, she would not defeat this cat.

"Hold it right there, Dapplestar!" The cat who had been about to attack Skypaw froze and looked up. Skypaw's heart ached with dread. It turns out this cat wasn't just any ShadowClan warrior, it was ShadowClan's leader. She was crowfood.

"Russetsky!" Dapplestar hissed. Skypaw hasn't ever seen that much fury in any cat's eyes more than the amount in Dapplestar's right now.

"Attack my kit and you will loose a life right here, right now," Skypaw's mother hissed. "I'd think you'd care more for your granddaughter."

(Dun dun dun! I know, I'm using Russetsky more and more to bring out Skypaw's hidden relatives in ShadowClan. I find it enjoyable really, because Skypaw will never be able to get rid of her heritage in ShadowClan even though she's ThunderClan born. Kind of the opposite of Tawnypelt in the real books!

Anyways, I can't believe I'm almost had 400 reads! I <3 you guys, as you know. Please vote and comment predictions :D)

# Chapter 14

Skypaw looked at her mother. Russetsky's fur was bristled, her blue eyes blazing. Her claws were unsheathed and her back was arched. A bushed up tail and a scowl on her face, she challenged the cat that Skypaw had only just met...and just found out was Russetsky's mother.

"She deserves to die!" Dapplestar hissed. "You belonged in ShadowClan and we will not stop until we rid you ThunderClan foxhearts of our traits!"

"She will not die unless you get through me first," Russetsky's tone was challenging. Skypaw looked around. Cats were still battling, blood was still spilling. How long would ShadowClan fight for? The badgers gave up easier than them!

Dapplestar didn't have to be told twice. She leaped at the ThunderClan deputy. Skypaw climbed to her paws and wondered how a mother could attack her own kit, even if Russetsky was raised in ThunderClan.

Shadepaw and Skypaw stared at their mother. Dapplestar and Russetsky looked nothing alike, and believe it or not, Russetsky looked more like a ShadowClan cat than Dapplestar did, or at least Skypaw thought.

Russetsky side stepped away from her mother, but Dapplestar saw it coming. She swerved in the same direction Russetsky dodged, and they collided. Russetsky hissed and chomped down on the ShadowClan leader's ear, earning a hard blow to her eye from Dapplestar.

"We have to go help her!" Skypaw wailed to her sister. Shadepaw didn't say anything, she just leaped on the ShadowClan leader's back. Dapplestar meowed in surprise, and Skypaw took this as her cue. Letting out yet another battle cry, she leaped after Shadepaw and purred briefly when she felt her claws sink into evil

ShadowClan flesh. She was fighting to keep her mother alive.

"Ratscar! Littlepaw!" Dapplestar screeched. Skypaw scanned the bloody clearing. Two heads turned in the direction of Dapplestar, signalling who these two mystery cats were.

Skypaw shivered. Ratscar was a white cat, but not nearly as good looking as Blizzardfur or Petalheart. His fur was short and both of his ears were torn. His brown eyes were so dark in color that they almost looked black. Like rat eyes.

His flanks had slashes on them. They seemed healed, but no fur grew there, making them a permanent feature. His tail was only a stump, and you could see his skin through his short, thin white fur.

Littlepaw, however, reminded Skypaw of herself. She was a silver tabby with blue eyes. Her fur was neatly groomed, however, blood stained a few patches. Her eyes reminded Skypaw of the sky, and her and the ShadowClan apprentice met gazes.

Skypaw was surprised when Littlepaw seemed to be thinking what Skypaw was - how they looked like each other. Both apprentices shivered. Maybe Skypaw did look like a ShadowClan cat, after all. Although, lucky for her, there were other silver pelts in ThunderClan to disguise her heritage. Featherfur, for example, had similar looks to Skypaw.

Ratscar's vicious claws left marks in the bloodstained forest floor as he raced over. Skypaw prepared herself and she hissed. She knew how impossible the odds would be for her to leave this clearing alive if she faced this wicked cat alone, but Shadepaw joined her in the readiness for this battle. Ratscar, however, didn't look intimidated - but excited to take on the two ThunderClan apprentices.

Ratscar leaped at Skypaw first. Skypaw's paws skidded as she tried to run away, rain starting to fall from the sky. Thunder boomed, and Skypaw thought about how angry StarClan must be at the two battling Clans.

*ThunderClan did nothing wrong,* Skypaw thought to herself. *We are*

*only defending our territory. We will not be punished for this battle.*

Skypaw glanced behind the hideous white tom. She saw Littlepaw behind him, looking nervous to attack. Ratscar seemed somewhat distracted, watching Dapplestar's every move. Skypaw shrugged. Mine as well get Littlepaw out of the way before taking on Ratscar.

She nudged Shadepaw and looked in the direction of the ShadowClan apprentice. Shadepaw nodded, and Skypaw leaped at Littlepaw.

Littlepaw screeched with terror when Skypaw landed on her. Skypaw sunk her claws into the young cat's shoulders, pinning her. Suddenly, she felt triumphant. She had pinned her first cat!

Skypaw landed a blow on Littlepaw's ear. After she had done so, Littlepaw winced with pain. For a moment, the two identical apprentices met gazes once more. Something about the way Littlepaw looked at her made Skypaw release her grip and climb right off of her.

Littlepaw blinked a thank you before running off through the trees. Skypaw watched her go over the ShadowClan border, or what usually was the ShadowClan border. Half of ThunderClan's forest was now marked with the choking scent of the evil cats.

Skypaw turned her head to where Shadepaw was before she leaped on the ShadowClan apprentice. She was surprised when she noticed she wasn't there. Starting to panic, she looked back at Russetsky and her blood went ice cold at what she saw.

Russetsky was taking on three ShadowClan cats, completely alone. Shadepaw was battling another apprentice not so far off. Her eyes scanning her mother's pelt, Skypaw drew in a breath of relief when she noticed she had no real injuries. Then, she noticed the pelts of Dapplestar, Ratscar, and a pelt she didn't recongize.

Rage filling inside of her, she leaped on Ratscar's back. Hissing with annoyance, the ShadowClan cat reared up on his hind paws and fell backwards, Skypaw still holding on to his disgusting pelt. She realized what his goal was after it was too late. Ratscar had her

pinned under his back, all of his weight suffocating her. She gasped for air, her wounds suddenly stinging. The adrenaline of battle had left her only with the pain she had yet to suffer from her untreated and new wounds both.

"Ratscar," A soft voice above her meowed. Skypaw squeezed her eyes shut. The voice belonged to a she-cat, one she had met not so long ago. "Get off of her. She's had enough."

"Who made you a warrior?" Ratscar hissed. "Dapplestar wants all ShadowClan kin in ThunderClan dead. You were at the meeting, that's why we're here, mousebrain!"

"Seemed you have forgotten you are talking to a medicine cat," Skypaw knew who this cat was.

*Hurry up!* Skypaw screamed inside of her head. *I'm going to be dead by the time you get him off me!*

Ratscar said nothing but sigh. Suddenly, Skypaw's lungs drew in multiple sharp breaths as she felt the weight leave her body. Her eyes still closed, she lay there on her own territory, dazed. Her thoughts clouded, but she was still conscious enough to feel the cool sting of dirty claws swipe her neck before all the battle cries and screeches of cats faded from her reach.

# Chapter 15

Quick warning: I'm typing this chapter on my phone rather than my computer, so I'll look it over a few times but if you see any typos, I apologize.)

Skypaw saw light instead of seeing usual darkness when she normally closed her eyes. She was expecting this to be the end, for the light would be StarClan. Her life was over and she hadn't even earned her warrior name!

Just when she was about to scream at the starry cats she had yet to see that it wasn't fair, her eyesight was plunged back into darkness and she heard voices.

"I caught Ratscar just before he suffocated her," Skypaw heard the usual voice of Nightflare. She started to panic. Had ShadowClan taken her hostage?

*StarClan, help me!* She screamed inside her head.

"He still got her neck though," Skypaw let out a breath that she hadn't known she was holding when she heard the comforting meow of Willowleaf.

Wait, so if both the ShadowClan and ThunderClan medicine cats were together, where were they? She knew neither medicine cats would go to the other one's camp. Opening her eyes, her head ached as she waited for her vision to focus.

She was surprised when she didn't see the sky or trees above her. Instead, she saw wood. Not the usual kind of wood she was used to on the tree trunks, but a wood she usually avoided for safety reasons.

She gasped. They were in the abandoned Twoleg nest across from the old Thunderpath!

Skypaw sat up slowly, deciding to take in the rest of her surroundings. The ground was soft and fuzzy, and she rubbed her paw against it. Whatever this colorful substance was, she definitely preferred it under her paws rather than the forest floor.

She cringed when she took a closer look at her paw. Her claws were still unsheathed and they were stained a crimson color from the amount of blood she had taken from the ShadowClan invaders.

Her silver fur was matted and stained a reddish brown color. Skypaw assumed she had been laying in mud until the cat, who she guessed had been Nightflare, dragged her away from the battle that could have very well been her last. Blood and mud with a tint of silver and gray stripes wasn't a pretty sight.

Looking at the walls that surrounded her, she noticed they were a green color. But not the inviting green color the ThunderClan forest brought. Or ShadowClan forest. Straining her ears, she didn't hear any more cries and screeches that signaled spilling blood. The battle had ended, but who had won?

For the first time, her eyes darted around the strange area. There were multiple cats in the room, ThunderClan and ShadowClan both. She recognized the sleeping pelt of Duskwave. However, other than the ThunderClan warrior, Skypaw couldn't find any more familiar pelts. This sent a triumphant wave through her, thinking that ThunderClan had kicked ShadowClan tail, but once again the young ThunderClan apprentice felt out of place and alone.

"You're awake," Skypaw jumped. Bright blue eyes of a dark brown pelt loomed above her. Hawkpaw.

"Can you tell me what in StarClan am I doing here with ShadowClan?" Skypaw's voice was hoarse and raspy. It didn't come out more than a whisper.

"Nightflare, she needs water," Hawkpaw called over his shoulder. Turning back to Skypaw, he started to tell the story.

"Nightflare and I didn't know ShadowClan would attack when we were in your territory, I promise," he meowed. "After we heard the

battle, Willowleaf lead us here to shelter. It looked bad out there, so we dragged the most injured cats here for treatment," Hawkpaw explained.

Skypaw cringed when she thought of herself one of the most injured. Certainly that couldn't be true.

"Am I really one of the most injured?" Skypaw asked, her voice cracking a few times.

"Judging by the fact that you got knocked out on the battle field by Ratscar's fat-tail laying on you, yes," humor glimmered in the ShadowClan medicine cat's eyes. "You also had wounds untreated from a previous battle that became inflected from dirty claws touching them,"

Skypaw moaned. She thought it was no big deal!

"Here's the water you requested," Nightflare's voice was muffed as she carried soaked moss in her mouth. She dropped it near Skypaw.

"Thank you," she muttered and bent down to lap at it. Her tongue felt refreshed as she licked up the ice cold water.

"Hawkpaw-" Skypaw was about to ask a question when she was interrupted.

"Hawkspirit," He corrected, pride shining in his eyes. "Nightflare gave me my full medicine cat name during the battle."

"Congratulations," Skypaw muttered. She didn't need to know about this enemy medicine cat's name change! The more she thought about it, the more wrong it seemed to be receiving care from the ShadowClan medicine cat apprentice, even if the medicine cat boundaries went over Clan borders. "Anyways," Skypaw continued in a louder voice, changing the subject quickly. "Who won the battle?"

"S-" Hawkspirit was about to say when the sleeping Duskwave awoke.

"ThunderClan successfully ridded our territory of the evil foxhearts,"

she meowed, her voice heavy with sleep. "Sunstar had cats remark the trees directly after. I would tell you what happened after, but I don't even know myself. I blacked out while remarking, Willowleaf said it was from weakness from exhaustion."

Skypaw sighed with relief. *We showed them!* She thought to herself.

Skypaw was about to congratulate her Clanmate of their victory when Duskwave sighed. "Hawkeye was killed, though."

Skypaw drew in a gasp. "How?"

"Stoneclaw trapped him against two trees and bit his throat," Duskwave broke down with a wail. Skypaw realized that Hawkeye had been her littermate.

"I'm so sorry, Duskwave," Skypaw tried to comfort the ThunderClan warrior when her voice cracked once more.

Seeing her for the first time since before the battle, which seemed like moons ago, the familiar tortiseshell pelt of the ThunderClan medicine cat came walking towards her.

"Here, eat this," Willowleaf instructed.

"What is it?" Skypaw hadn't even finished her sentence before she was gobbling down the substance. It tasted sweet, and a soft purr erupted from her as the warm liquid slid down her throat.

"Honey," Willowleaf replied. "I'm going to have to redo your scratches, too," Willowleaf added on. Skypaw suspected she was talking to herself again.

Willowleaf brought over an unusual bundle of herbs. Deciding she didn't want to know what it contained, she closed her eyes as the ThunderClan medicine cat applied them to her infected cheek scratches and her neck. Ratscar had left his mark on her pelt, that's for sure.

"It was this throat wound that got you," Willowleaf meowed as she added more herbs to the gashes on Skypaw's flank.

"What do you mean?" Skypaw asked, her voice filled with pain. Whatever Willowleaf was putting on her fur, it sure stung.

"That wound is the one that caused you to black out. You were already dazed from his weight on you, but you would have recovered. Ratscar gave you one last slash to the throat to try to finish you off. Good thing Nightflare was there."

Skypaw did nothing but nod. It amazed her how smart Ratscar was, planning his moves so quickly and confidently as he did so against her, but it disgusted her that his mind functioned in such an evil way.

Duskwave was on her paws now. Willowleaf took notice of this and nodded briefly.

"We should get going," The ThunderClan medicine cat meowed. "Sunstar will be expecting us."

"Okay," Nightflare touched noses with Willowleaf. Duskwave and Skypaw both felt uncomfortable. Medicine cat or not, it certainly wasn't right to exchange gestures like that between cats from different Clans.

"You better be out of here before sunhigh tomorrow," Willowleaf ordered the ShadowClan medicine cat. "Otherwise Sunstar will have your tail."

Nightflare nodded. "Thank you for letting us shelter here,"

"You're welcome. We're a team when it comes to saving lives." Willowleaf hesitated for a moment before saying, "Goodbye, Hawkspirit."

The ShadowClan medicine cat apprentice nodded a brief farewell before returning on the cat he was treating. Skypaw climbed to her paws and muttered a thank you and goodbye to the ShadowClan cats before joining her Clanmates at the exit.

The quarter moon shone bright over the forest as the three she-cats walked alone in the rain.

# Chapter 16

Warning: This chapter may be shorter than the usual. Typing on my phone once more because my laptop died.)

"Willowleaf!" "Skypaw!" "Duskwave!" The calls of the cats of ThunderClan rang through the clearing at the she-cats' arrival.

"Where have you been?" Sunstar's deep meow was filled with fury. Skypaw cringed.

"Abandoned Twoleg nest," Willowleaf seemed un-phased as the ThunderClan leader spoke to her.

"Why?" Sunstar snapped. Skypaw glanced around her Clanmates, who were silent and were staring at her, Willowleaf and Duskwave with wide eyes.

Skypaw's eyes soon shone on Russetsky and Bramblefrost. Russetsky's pelt was littered with scratches, but her fur was neatly groomed and she didn't seem too injured. Bramblefrost looked the same from the last time Skypaw had seen him. *This means that ShadowClan never reached camp,* Skypaw thought to herself, relieved.

Russetsky's eyes glittered with relief, for her kit had returned to camp. Bramblefrost's, however, were littered with disapproval as the ThunderClan leader scolded her.

"Nightflare and Hawkspirit needed shelter from the battle," Willowleaf explained. "It was too late for them to run back to their camp. And what was I supposed to do, leave them alone? It also came in handy so we could treat cats during the battle."

"Cats of ThunderClan only, I hope," Sunstar snapped once more.

The ThunderClan medicine cat looked baffled. "We treated ShadowClan cats too, Sunstar," she meowed, her tone calm.

"Nonsense!" Sunstar spat. Skypaw wished she could run as far as WindClan's moor as she saw the fire building up in her leader's green eyes.

"What, were Nightflare and Hawkspirit just supposed to sit there and watch as their cats were killed and I treated my own?" Willowleaf retorted.

"Yes!" Sunstar's tail lashed. "They should have not been in our territory in the first place!"

"Calm down!" Willowleaf hissed. "The medicine cat code goes over Clan boundaries and you know that."

This was not going to go over well. As the medicine cat grew more defensive and the ThunderClan leader grew more angry, Skypaw wished she was a kit in the nursery again. Small, lazy, and was able to hide under the moss when a problem for ThunderClan came calling.

However, she wasn't a kit. She was an apprentice, and she had to stand here, watching this argument accelerate along with the rest of her Clan.

Skypaw prayed Sunstar wouldn't turn his attention to her. Whatever he would ask, Skypaw would not have an answer and she knew that for sure.

"They knew their Clan was going to attack. How mousebrained are you? They simply used you to get our medicine cat away from camp and to get themselves in the heart of the battle to heal their warriors!" Willowleaf scowled as the ThunderClan leader raged at her.

As much as Skypaw hated to admit it, Sunstar's prediction did seem reasonable. After all, hadn't Nightflare said that Dapplestar was ill and was unable to be healed? That certainly wasn't the case when she tried to rip Skypaw's pelt off!

Doubt clouded Skypaw's mind. Maybe Sunstar was right, after all.

"That's not true!" Willowleaf protested. Murmurs started to be heard

from among the warriors. Skypaw noticed their uneasy gazes pointed at the ThunderClan medicine cat.

"It is too!" Sunstar's tail was bushed up. She had never seen any ThunderClan cat behave the way he was right now.

The next words that left the ThunderClan leader's mouth Skypaw wanted to erase forever. Her heart skipped a beat and her blood turned ice. However, Willowleaf's was much worse.

"You're no longer welcome in ThunderClan, traitor! Get out!"

# Chapter 17

Still typing on phone.)

Willowleaf was horror struck. Gasps echoed throughout the clearing so loudly that Skypaw thought that RiverClan would be able to hear them.

Willowleaf's fur bristled and her tail bushed. Her eyes were wide and her back arched. Her claws instinctively unsheathed and her ears were flat.

However, she was speechless.

Sunstar did not take his fiery green gaze off of Willowleaf, even after cats started taking their sides.

"Sunstar, she's our only medicine cat!"

"We still have injured cats!"

"She doesn't have an apprentice!"

Russetsky, Bramblefrost, Duskwave, Featherfur and Bumblefoot were glaring heavily at the ThunderClan leader. However, they refused to start an argument.

Blizzardfur, Shadepaw, Flarecloud and Firesoul, however, were hissing loudly at the former ThunderClan medicine cat. They had scowls on their faces, and Sunstar had a smug expression on his face when he took notice of it.

"Firesoul, see her to the ShadowClan border," he ordered. More growls and yowls of approval and disapproval echoed through the clearing. "If she thinks she knows them, she can go treat their cats once more."

"Sunstar, don't be a fool," Willowleaf hissed. Her amber eyes were blazing. Only not with fear this time, anger. "How will you cope

with no healer?"

"We'll find away," He muttered lowly.

"Sunstar, maybe we should revisit this issue another time? Cats are still bleeding." Russetsky tried to slowly talk Sunstar into letting the medicine cat stay. The ThunderClan leader glared at her in reply.

"No. Get her out now, Firesoul."

"No!" Skypaw was surprised when she heard her own voice joining the lively debate. If Willowleaf left, how would she figure out about the prophecy?

"This is nonsense!" Bramblefrost's voice was loudest as the exile patrol surrounded the tortiseshell she-cat.

"Stop them!" Duskwave screeched. Skypaw found her own paws running after the medicine cat.

"Skypaw!" Skypaw didn't stop following Willowleaf and her exports when her mother's voice reached her ears.

She couldn't let this happen. ThunderClan needed Willowleaf as much as they needed prey! If no other cat was going to do it, Skypaw had to.

"Firesoul, wait up!" She hollered as the patrol quickly stormed through the forest.

Firesoul's flaming pelt slowed down as he turned to look at her. The rest of the patrol stopped in unison. Their curious gazes burned her pelt.

Skypaw didn't expect him to listen. She skidded in the mud and cringed when she realized blood had spread this close to camp.

"Uh," She stuttered. "Can I join you?"

Willowleaf's eyes were blazing. Skypaw tried to shoot her a reassuring glance, but the former medicine cat just looked away.

"Hurry up," Firesoul replied with a flick of his tail. Skypaw scurried into the circle of warriors and Firesoul set off again.

She didn't dare talk to Willowleaf. The patrol padded along in ThunderClan's forest in silence.

Finally, after very many awkward moments, they reached the border of the Clan of Shadow. Firesoul flicked his tail and the patrol stepped away from Willowleaf, glares on their faces.

Willowleaf didn't have to be told. Tail still held high, she crossed the border. Skypaw respected her courage and the way the medicine cat refused to swallow her pride. But she didn't fool Skypaw. Skypaw knew that she was hurting that her Clan could just throw her out like crowfood.

"Let's go," Firesoul meowed, his voice filled with triumph. It made Skypaw sick to her stomach.

The patrol let out a cry of victory. However, Skypaw refused to join them. This was no victory, but a sign of weakness. Without a healer, they were all doomed.

As the patrol began padding away, Skypaw glanced over the border again. The patrol seemed distracted as they continued to meow words of triumph to each other, that they had rid the Clan of traitors. Skypaw studied them for a few more moments.

*It's now or never.*

And with that, her paws were bolting across the ShadowClan scent line.

# Chapter 18

Skypaw's paws ached with pain as pine needles pricked her paws as she ran on the unfamiliar ShadowClan territory. It felt so dangerous here. Having to watch out for ShadowClan and ThunderClan patrols, as well as to look out to avoid dangers and keep track of the tortoiseshell pelt of Willowleaf.

Keeping her head down, she only dared to look at the path right in front of her. Her tail lashed with anxiety. She was crowfood if any cat but Willowleaf saw her. Her silver tabby pelt against the dark marsh of ShadowClan's territory wasn't helping her odds, either.

Skypaw began to feel more comfortable when she smelled no cats around. She held her tail a little higher, and and lifted her head up more. Keeping Willowleaf's pelt as a guide, she continued to bolt after her.

Skypaw nearly jumped out of her fur as a slimy green creature erupted through the marsh at her through the air. Her fur bristled as she stared at it. She noticed other slimy creatures around it, and they seemed to be croaking to communicate.

Flashing back for a moment, she remembered her nursery days, where more information about the Clans was given to any cat the most. Her former ShadowClan mother told her about these, but she couldn't remember the name. Striving further into her mind, she tried to make out every word that was said to her. She hissed to herself when she blocked her mother out, thinking the information was useless. But yet again, she hadn't known until seconds prior that she would be traveling through enemy territory.

*"Why is ShadowClan invading the border?" Skykit squeaked out a question. "The mice and squirrels are ours!"*

*"ShadowClan aren't after the prey, Skykit," Russetsky had told her gently. "They just want to get under our fur, that's all."*

*"What do you mean, they don't eat mice?" Skykit's jaw dropped to the ground, baffled.*

*"They eat slimy green creatures who like to live near the lake," Russetsky explained. "They're called frogs. I never had a taste for them, just another thing to prove ShadowClan wasn't where I belonged."*

*Frogs!* Skypaw thought to herself. *That's what they are!*

She stared at the frogs with disgust. How could any cat eat something that didn't have fur, or even feathers?

Snapping herself out of her thoughts, she searched the terrain in front of her. Willowleaf was just barely a speck in the horizon. Skypaw scolded herself for letting her curiosity get in the way of her mission, especially when it seemed she was in the middle of no where.

Taking in a deep breath, Skypaw ran as fast and as silently as she could. Willowleaf didn't appear to be traveling at a fast pace, so that made Skypaw's life a little bit easier at the moment.

Her paws slipping and sliding in the ShadowClan marsh a few times, she prayed to StarClan she wouldn't fall. Although it seemed like good disguise, she didn't want to scare Willowleaf. Or be covered in mud.

After a long sprint, Willowleaf became close enough that Skypaw could speak to her. Padding up to the tortiseshell cautiously, her voice came out in a small and urgent whisper.

"Willowleaf!"

Willowleaf jumped and spun around. Her gaze filled with shock, confusion and anger all at once.

"Skypaw, what in StarClan are you doing here?"

"The real question is what are *you* doing here?" Skypaw retorted.

"Sunstar exiled me into ShadowClan territory. Your turn," Irritation was heavy in the former ThunderClan medicine cat's voice.

"I came after you," Skypaw explained. "You shouldn't have been exiled."

"Sunstar's word is law, Skypaw," Willowleaf answered. "I can't change that. If he wants me gone, I'm gone. It's not my fault that ThunderClan is without a healer." Skypaw's mind instantly shot to Rainpaw.

She hadn't talked to her sister since the day of the battle with the badgers. In fact, she hadn't *seen* her since she was carried away from the place she was laying there, motionless and limp. Guilt over swept her and she felt she may fall off her paws just by thinking about it. At least Bramblefrost has been there with her.

"It's not the right decision," Skypaw contradicted. "You shouldn't have left. Sunstar will see that soon, he just needs time."

Willowleaf's eyes darkened. "Sunstar is not the cat you think he is, Skypaw," She meowed, her voice filled with caution.

"I never liked him, but that doesn't mean one exile makes him a fool."

"No, I mean he really is not the leader you think he is."

Suddenly, Skypaw's mind was caught back in a flash back once more. It was all in clusters, and Skypaw knew exactly why her mind had pulled these memories together. There was something she was missing about the eerie ThunderClan leader.

*"It's true," He huffed, sadness clouding his eyes and grief shook his voice.*

*"What happened?" Sandstar was sitting on the Highrock, opposite of the other cats, who were all standing. Skykit wanted to peak out and take a look around the devasted camp, but she knew better.*

*"A fox," Sunblaze explained, his expression darkening. "Our patrol was chasing after rogues out of our territory. They had ThunderClan prey." Skykit looked at her littermates. They had the same expression as she did - bushed tails, spiked pelts, and wide, fearful eyes.*

*"They crossed the WindClan border," Sunblaze went on. "Moonfur stood*

*guard in the forest while I decided to take Mousepaw to the border to check his senses." Sunblaze's eyes raked the clearing. "A fox mauled her while we were gone, and when we came back, it was too late."*

Skypaw shivered as her mind switched to another memory.

*"Skypaw!" Skypaw jolted awake to her name being called from the clearing. Bursting from the den, thinking she had overslept, she was blinking with surprise when she realized the sun was just rising. It was dawn.*

*"Morning!" Hazelflower chirped happily. Judging by Hazelflower's hazel eyes, Skypaw believed she was just as excited as she was.*

*"Morning!" Skypaw tried to sound just as enthusiastic as her mentor, but sleep hadn't fully left her body yet.*

*"Russetsky assigned us to the dawn patrol. Then, we're going to come back to camp, grab some fresh kill and get training." Now Skypaw was awake.*

*"Patrol?" She echoed excitedly. Maybe Russetsky had listened to her in the nursery when she blabbed about patrols, after all.*

*"Yes, patrol!" Hazelflower leaped a bit on her paws, too excited to stand still any longer. Skypaw wondered if she had been the young she-cat's first apprentice.*

*"Who's leading?" Skypaw questioned, eager to figure out who she would be checking the forest with.*

*"Hey!" Skypaw jumped as a voice called out to her in the just awakening camp. It was Mousetail.*

*"Who are you going on patrol with?" Mousetail questioned, excited for the two she-cats.*

*"Just us," Hazelflower meowed, then remembered her apprentice's previous question. "Sunstar is leading it himself." She boasted proudly.*

*Mousetail's expression faded. His eyes clouded over with something Skypaw couldn't quite place, and his tail lashed back and forth.*

*Mousetail murmured something, then padded away. But Skypaw had heard every word he said. It rattled her to think about why the young brown warrior would say such a thing.*

*"I'll pray to StarClan for your safety."*

Skypaw remembered how Mousetail's words kept repeating in her mind the rest of the patrol. She remembered the first time Sunstar looked at her, she took the brown warrior's words as a warning. She remembered how every time she heard his deep meow, or stared into his piercing green eyes, her skin crawled and she wanted to run away.

"Sunstar's not the leader I thought he was," Skypaw whispered, her eyes wide as she stared into space, her mind still reeling in thought.

# Chapter 19

"Skypaw," Willowleaf meowed gently. Skypaw was snapped out of her thoughts and her gaze quickly rested on the former medicine cat.

"He murdered Moonfur, didn't he?" Skypaw meowed calmly, although the last few words of her sentence cracked with disbelief.

"He did." Willowleaf layed down the truth gently. Skypaw was thankful for that.

"I don't understand," Skypaw's voice was hoarse. "how he has all of ThunderClan fooled. It doesn't make sense." Suddenly, realization hit her. "How did *you* find out?"

"StarClan sends messages in more ways than one," Willowleaf replied. "also, we have a witness."

Skypaw didn't have to ask who it was. The small brown warrior was already implanted in her mind. No wonder he said the words that wouldn't leave Skypaw's mind, Sunstar was taking a mentor and an apprentice on patrol! Hazelflower could have been the latest edition of Moonfur!

Anger brewed up inside of her vains. How could Sunstar murder an innocent warrior for no apparent reason? How could he not even own up to it? How could StarClan *accept* him, let alone *give* him nine lives?

"What has Mousetail shared with you?" Skypaw asked.

"Nothing, I haven't even spoke to him," Willowleaf lashed her tail and said the next words with clear disgust. "Sunstar swore him to secrecy. If Mousetail talked, Sunstar would kill him. Not to mention he would most likely get away with it."

"So, Mousetail has no idea that you know?" Skypaw was impressed.

Willowleaf took orders from this cat who was, by the warrior code, leader of ThunderClan even though she knew his wicked backstory. Not to mention that she acted as if everything was alright, that there was nothing wrong with the darkness that had risen to power.

"No, he knows," Willowleaf meowed. "We exchange glances every now and then. Also, remember that StarClan works in very mysterious ways," Skypaw narrowed her eyes in understanding, but Willowleaf continued anyways. "Sandstar spoke to him in his dreams."

"So, where does he stand?" When the former medicine cat turned her head to the side in confusion, Skypaw clarified. "In the prophecy, I mean."

"Oh," Willowleaf's eyes narrowed in concentration. "It doesn't say. The prophecy only mentions a sky, which is you, Skypaw. And a sun, which is Sunstar. I'm certain that StarClan couldn't have left him out, considering he has the wicked memories and the brutal secret trapped in him so far that he can never forget about them, but whatever they have planned has not been shared with me."

"That doesn't make sense, though," Skypaw contradicted. "How can I be the sky when I haven't witnessed it? Or by the fact that I don't have a relationship with Sunstar in anyway? I was only a kit when he killed Moonfur!"

"Skypaw," Willowleaf cut off Skypaw's questions that kept falling out of her mouth. Skypaw stopped and lifted her gaze back up to meet Willowleaf's. However, Willowleaf didn't say anything right away, just walked up to a small, clear pond in the marsh of ShadowClan. Flicking her tail to beckon Skypaw closer, the ThunderClan apprentice obeyed.

"Look at your reflection," Willowleaf instructed as she looked down into the pond. A tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes came into sight, followed by a silver tabby she-cat with sky blue eyes.

"Look at yourself," she meowed. "Tell me what you see."

Skypaw did as she was told. She saw long whiskers, and her fur that

wasn't groomed. She saw the not so pretty, infected but treated, scratches from two battles across her cheek and stained blood on her ear. However, under all those battle mishaps, her eyes seemed just fine. Clear, healthy, and even beautiful eyes blinked at the pond.

"Look closer," The medicine cat meowed when she noticed Skypaw had seen her eyes. As Skypaw did so, the same glowing appeared around them, just as it had with the leaf that had fallen from the weeping willow.

Once again, it started to shine brightly, blocking Skypaw's vision from Willowleaf or her ShadowClan surroundings. However, even if she wanted look, she couldn't. Her eyes were stuck looking at their reflection.

*"You are the sky,"* A voice echoed in her ears. *"You are the sky that will fall. You, Skypaw, are the sky. You can see it within you, your eyes show it. Some cats say that a cat's eyes are the window to the soul, and indeed it is. You are the sky. You were named after it. Use it."*

With that, the glowing began to fade. Even as her vision seemed to return, Skypaw was still stuck staring at her eyes. *"You are the sky. You are the sky that will fall. You, Skypaw, are the sky. You can see it within you, your eyes show it. Some cats say that a cat's eyes are the window to the soul, and indeed it is. You are the sky. You were named after it. Use it."*

Skypaw returned to herself after the message had repeated itself. Staring back at the reflection, she stared at her distorted image as a wave ripped through the water when she put her paw in the myteriously clear substance. Retreating it quickly, she noticed she wasn't staring at two she-cats anymore, but just one.

She tore her gaze from the pond and looked back at Willowleaf, who was staring expectantly at her. Willowleaf nodded simply, as if she knew what StarClan had chosen to share with her. However, Skypaw saw not just realization in the tortoiseshell she-cat's eyes, but agreement.

"You are the sky, Skypaw," Willowleaf whispered. "Your eyes show

it. Use it."

# Chapter 20

The two she-cats trekked through the marsh of ShadowClan as night fell. Skypaw shivered. She hadn't ever been far away from home, or had to sleep anywhere else but her nest.

Willowleaf had told her to go back to ThunderClan, that her Clan needed her but Skypaw declined. She would return when she was ready. There was too much on her mind to go back to her Clan and to deal with the buzzing questions on where she had been.

And quite frankly, she didn't have an answer.

Telling her Clanmates that she had talked to Willowleaf and recieved a sign from StarClan would just get her exiled. Especially when Sunstar now knew he had the power do what he would like as leader. Admitting she had been with the exiled medicine cat would not be good for her.

Willowleaf said she needed to keep their meeting a secret. No cat but her parents and StarClan, not even Mousetail, knew about the prophecy. Now was not the time to alert her Clanmates by saying so.

The former medicine cat also treated Skypaw's healing wounds as they sheltered together. Skypaw was thankful. She knew there were cats back in camp that had to deal with their own injuries due to her leader's fatal mistake.

She felt a pang of miss strike her heart as she thought about her Clanmates. She missed her parents, and Rainpaw, Featherfur and even Bumblefoot. Skypaw would leap a jump of joy if she could even see the dusk like pelt of Duskwave.

However, there were two cats Skypaw wanted to rid of her memory. Sunstar, of course, for her secret knowledge of his past and who he had become because of her careless ancestors. Another face she wished she didn't know was Shadepaw.

Skypaw enjoyed the battle with ShadowClan, being able to fight alongside with her, what seemed like, long lost sister. But she would never forget the hostility level the shadowy apprentice had towards her own medicine cat, who had healed all of her Clanmates time after time. All because of Sunstar.

Skypaw ignored the guilt that was building up inside of her when she felt light with triumph that Shadepaw would have to go with untreated wounds due to her far from wise decision.

Skypaw still couldn't get over the fact that Sunstar had just made Willowleaf's exile on the spot. He hadn't thought of the consequences that he and his Clan were bound to face in the future. Not to mention it was a show of weakness that their only healer was gone.

Lucky for him Willowleaf was smart enough to stay on the outskirts of Clan territory.

Skypaw and Willowleaf had built two nests under the shade of trees. They had successfully made it out of ShadowClan territory without being caught by a patrol. Skypaw had figured Nightflare and Hawkspirit had confined the cats to camp for the night, recovering from their defeat.

Now Skypaw was curled up in a nest next to Willowleaf's. Both of the she-cats felt uncomfortable. They were in no cat's territory, so who knew what could find them beyond the protection of their own borders?

They also lacked something that was a huge difference from living back in camp. They were alone.

No guards, no protective warriors, just a healer and a fighter in training.

Skypaw lifted her head up. Willowleaf opened her eyes and looked at her curiously.

"I'm going to keep watch," Skypaw informed her. "Just in case, you know?"

"Okay," Willowleaf agreed, closing her eyes once more. "Wake me up when it's my turn." Skypaw was about to object, that she could watch all night and that she couldn't sleep anyways, but she'd figure she'd need strength for the following day to come. Whether it be facing her Clan, or living as a loner.

The thought sent a shiver down Skypaw's spine.

She sat down next to her temporary nest and gazed out into the forest that lay ahead. She wondered if this is where the bagders had come from, or if ShadowClan cats ever stepped beyond their safe zone and wandered the, what seemed like, infinite collection of trees.

Her eyes slowly brought her up to the sky. In the darkening colors that loomed above her, she saw the stars. Her warrior ancestors.

They all seemed to glow a little bit brighter when they noticed Skypaw was looking at them. One twinkled, catching her eye. She didn't have to guess who it was, she could picture the sandy she-cat already.

*Sandstar.*

Skypaw waved her tail and held it up high as if greeting her. Skypaw thought her foster grandmother would make her vision go away with a bunch of beautiful glowing, but that was not the case. Skypaw nodded as if she understood, and went back to guarding the forest as her companion slept.

Companion? No.

Willowleaf was her friend now.

Bugs flew around her face. She shook her head in annoyance. Looking down at the grass, she was surprised when she noticed it was already damp with dew. Her paws slowly grew cold as she rubbed her paws against the slippery, cold substance.

Skypaw couldn't shake the fact that she knew her warrior ancestors were watching her every move. They always were, but she had to admit, she wished she didn't know about it. It made her feel

pressured, as if every muscle movement had to be right or else she would mess the whole prophecy up for everyone.

*The prophecy!* She thought to herself. Her mind carried her away into thought.

*"The sky wil fall on the sun to save our Clan."* She recited the famous words that were more important than her own tail. She recited it a little slower.

*"The sky will fall on the sun to save our Clan."* If she was told that she was the sky, and if Sunstar was supposedly the sun, what could it mean? She would fall on Sunstar?

How would thay solve anything but her getting scolded at by her mother and father by being clumsy? And getting hated upon by her leader? It doesn't make sense!

Skypaw dug her claws into the damp soil in frustration. The bugs finally flew away from her face and she sighed with relief. It wasn't until she saw where the bugs were flying to did the fur on her spine raise.

A light was moving around in the distance, and it was storming towards her and Willowleaf.

**Author's Note: Hi guys! First of all, I noticed some authors make their notes in bold. I decided to try it out, tell me what you think. XD**

**I've been getting a lot of new readers and followers lately. Thank you for following, commenting and voting. I hope you're enjoying Sky Fall!**

**I've been thinking of creating a 'How To' book. Like, the processes I go through to write Sky Fall to help authors out there. Everyone has a good plot, at least the people I've been reading, but even for me there's room for improvement. What do you think?**

**Speaking of which, I want everyone to comment what they think of the book so far in the comments on a scale of 1-10. 1**

**being the lowest, 10 being the highest. I need your ratings and constructive critism to help me write!**

**I'm just watching the numbers go up on the views and the votes. Thank you, again! Please continue the awesome feedback and vote, vote vote! Not to sound pushy, but my Wattpad career depends on it.**

**I'm not going to be writing from today at 5pm *eastern time* until Saturday. As American readers know, tomorrow is the Fourth of July, and I'm going up to my grandpa's lake with my friend to celebrate and watch the fireworks. She's spending the night, so that's why I can't update tonight.**

**Also, I turned on my phone this morning to 25 notifications! I usually get 8-9ish at a time, but thank you so much! It was a wonderful way to start off my morning.**

**I'll try to update one more time for you guys today since I kind of got a late start by this being the first update of the day, but no promises. Have a nice day, though!**

**-Kaylin**

# Chapter 21

"Willowleaf!" Skypaw hissed. Skypaw didn't want to take her eyes off the lights, which had multipled to two, speeding towards them with a mighty roar. When Willowleaf didn't stir, Skypaw leaped on her.

Willowleaf sprang to her paws, throwing Skypaw off her. Her fur was bristled. "What was that for?" She asked, her tone sharp.

"Look!" Skypaw hissed once more. Her tail pointed to the speeding lights.

"Great StarClan!" Willowleaf's back arched. Her eyes were wild when she screeched, "We got to go warn ShadowClan!"

Skypaw looked at her former medicine cat, bewildered. Her first instrinct was to run, not warn an enemy Clan!

Although, Willowleaf, as a medicine cat, didn't really have enemy Clans. She just went with the flow.

Now, she *really* didn't have any enemy Clans.

"We got to get out of here!" Skypaw insisted.

"We must warn ShadowClan, their camp could be destroyed! They have nursing queens!"

The thought of kits dying because Skypaw ran to save her own life made her stomach churn. Reluctantly, she nodded, signalling she agreed. "Let's go, then," She meowed flatly.

Willowleaf didn't have to be told twice. She spun around and began dashing through the trees. Skypaw noticed Willowleaf herself even had muscle. *How did she train?* She thought to herself.

Skypaw definitely had more muscle than she did when the badgers attacked ThunderClan, for she had trained since then and even lived

through another battle. Skypaw had to get used to battles springing themselves on her. This was life as a warrior.

Brambles snagged her pelt and pine needles pricked her paws as she bolted after Willowleaf. Although the former medicine cat didn't seem to be in pain, Skypaw sure was. She was used to the familiar paths of ThunderClan's territory, her trained paws had learned where the brambles grew. She thanked StarClan that they didn't live in the pines.

Growling in pain, she started to fall behind. She pushed forward with all of her effort. If she was helping her own Clan, it would have been much easier to keep going. But this was an enemy Clan that hated ThunderClan at the moment, and if any cat found out she was here, Sunstar would have her pelt.

Out in ShadowClan territory, that is.

She tried to ignore the fact that just earlier today that Dapplestar tried to rip her and her mother to shreds. *If all goes well,* Skypaw thought with a snicker. *She will die once the lights reach her.*

Surely StarClan wouldn't accept Dapplestar if she were to die, would they? Her life was filled with hatred when her kit left the Clan!

Yet again, they gave a murderer nine lives to lead a Clan. Skypaw didn't know where her warrior ancestors would mess up next. They were unpredictable.

Skypaw slipped and skidded once her paws left the uncomfortable grounds of pine needles and squished in the marsh. She meowed in surprise and slipped, mud gripping onto her pelt, making it heavy. Hissing in annoyance, Willowleaf grabbed Skypaw's scruff like Russetsky once had to haul her to her paws. She felt like hissing, "I can walk myself!" but decided against it. Willowleaf was only trying to help.

Skypaw muttered a thanks. Together, they bolted off once more. Skypaw could hear the ear splitting creeks and cracks of trees. Turning her head to look back behind her, she saw the tops of

leaves plummeting to the ground. This gave her paws fuel, and soon she was leading the way.

She only stopped briefly to let Willowleaf pass her because she had no idea where the coldhearted cats lived. She was curious to find out, eager even, but she pushed that out of the way. She had lives to save!

Skypaw glanced up at the sky. The stars were shining brighter than she had ever seen them. However, they weren't the normal collision of dots in the sky she always saw. They were in a single line, taking turns shining bright and twinkling before the next star in line did so.

It took a moment for Skypaw to figure it out, but she soon realized the twinkling went forward. The stars were in a single line. They were showing the way!

"Willowleaf, look!" Skypaw meowed in amazement. The image of her warrior ancestors showing her where to go warmed her heart, and she would never forget it.

Willowleaf purred in amazement. However, neither of the she-cats stopped running to take a real good look.

"Their camp is ahead," Willowleaf meowed. "Be careful."

Before long, Skypaw was following Willowleaf down a small trail. The sand that it was made of was indented with paw prints, ones that Skypaw guessed that belonged to ShadowClan cats generation after generation.

The guard, a cat that Skypaw recongized stood guard. Her white fur spiked and her eyes grew wide when she saw the ThunderClan cats.

"Greetings, Frosttail," Willowleaf meowed. "We have come with a warning."

"Dapplestar!" Frosttail screeched. Frosttail still had wounds from the battle with ThunderClan. Ones that Skypaw's mother had put in the white warrior's fur, and Skypaw felt a surge of triumph.

Dapplestar's golden dappled pelt came bursting from a cave. She hissed loudly when she saw the ThunderClan rescue patrol. As the ShadowClan leader did so, warriors and apprentices became erupting from their dens, and queens poked their heads out of the nursery. Elders came and sat at the entrance to their den, not daring to come anywhere near Willowleaf and Skypaw. Her eyes scanning the heart of ShadowClan, she noticed almost all cats except the queens and elders had scars or battle wounds.

Skypaw shivered when she saw the black eyes of Ratscar staring at her. His eyes were narrowed, as if he was disappointed. *He thought he killed me,* Skypaw thought, and a smirk appeared on her face as she met gazes with the scarred warrior. It quickly vanished when she saw many ShadowClan eyes narrowed as they glared at her.

"Monsters are coming," Willowleaf meowed calmly. "They're just tearing down the trees to your border. It's coming in the direction of your camp. Evacuate quickly, or stay here to die."

Skypaw was surprised when Willowleaf's warning came out flat toned. She expected her voice to be hectic. *Maybe she doesn't want to be near the Clan who got her exiled,* Skypaw concluded.

Her eyes rested on what she guessed was the medicine den. Nightflare and Hawkspirit were padding towards her and Willowleaf. Nightflare's gaze was neutral, while Hawkspirit's was warm and inviting.

So inviting that Skypaw had to fight the urge to go greet him. She quickly looked away quickly and lashed her tail.

"We come in peace," Willowleaf added, rolling her eyes. The pelts of ShadowClan cats layed flat, but Dapplestar's glare remained while the rest of her Clan's eyes were wide with fear.

"Why were *you* at our border?" She hissed. Cats began to flatten their ears.

"We were not at your border," Willowleaf retorted. "We were on the outskirts of Clan territory. Would you rather we leave you here to die?" Skypaw noticed that Willowleaf left out the fact that she had

been exiled and that Skypaw had ran away, and the fact they they traveled right across their marsh. Skypaw didn't say anything either. Willowleaf's lie was smart, and those things were better left unsaid.

"How do I know this isn't a trick to get us out of camp?" Dapplestar hissed. Skypaw rolled her eyes.

"If you are not deaf, you can hear the trees falling in the distance." Multiple cats perked their ears, including Skypaw. She could hear the cracks of splintering wood still, and the booms when the trees hit the ground.

"Not to mention you invaded us last time, and we kicked your tails," Skypaw retorted. "We don't want anymore ShadowClan fur." This rose the pelts of some cats, but Skypaw didn't care. They were trying to save lives and they weren't accepting!

Suddenly, Skypaw heard pawsteps pound down the trail she had come. Willowleaf and Skypaw moved out of the way and turned, thinking that it was just a ShadowClan moohigh patrol.

However, Skypaw had been wrong. The cats that had appeared in ShadowClan's camp made Skypaw's heart sink with dread.

**Heyo! Thank you to everyone who commented on Chapter 20. It made my day, and I'm so happy that I have the best readers.**

**This will probably be the last update until Saturday. I may update later tonight, because I may pull an all nighter with my friend. I usually get pretty bored, but now I have Wattpad. :D**

**I've been reading some of your fanfictions. There's been some I can't wait for people to update, and I LOVE leaving predictions. I have caught interest in quite a few, and I even recongized some roleplays that they were written about. I was even featured in one, so I'm famous now.**

**Too bad the character I'm talking about dies.**

**Turns out I'm not so famous.**

**Have a Happy Fourth of July, American readers and have a**

**happy Friday to my international readers!**

**Because even though it's summer, we all love Fridays, right?**

**Have a nice weekend if I don't see you!**

**-Kaylin**

# Chapter 22

Skypaw stared her paws. Her eyes were wide with shock, but she refused to make eye contact with the pelt she knew all too well.

The pelt that ShadowClan cats wanted to rip to shreds.

Willowleaf acted as if nothing happened. Skypaw could tell that she was confused on how to act.

"Russetsky!" Dapplestar was hissing wildly within seconds. The pelts of ShadowClan cats had risen again, and Skypaw found it amusing how much ThunderClan cats ruffle their fur.

"I come in peace." Russetsky looked her mother in the eye showing no emotion. Skypaw snook a peak at her.

Skypaw tried to blend in with the ShadowClan cats, hoping she wouldn't be caught in such a place. Her Clan must be angry at her for running off, and she wondered how many figured she'd been with Willowleaf.

Her plan failed when her and her mother met gazes. Russetsky didn't look angry, or surprised. Her fur layed flat and her tail wasn't held high, but it wasn't drooping. Skypaw switched her gaze to Willowleaf, surprised. Willowleaf looked at her with certainty.

"Why are you in our camp?" Frosttail growled. "ThunderClan, get your paws off our territory!"

"Frosttail," Russetsky meowed calmly. "I believe it was ShadowClan who tried to take over our forest."

Skypaw knew Russetsky was the cat that made the white warrior race back to camp. Skypaw's pelt still pricked with pride, and Frosttail seemed to remember it too. She quieted down quickly, and Russetsky's eyes shone with something that Skypaw figured was triumph.

Skypaw could still hear the trees crashing down, and the roar of the monster came into earshot. Her fur rose slightly, and Russetsky's eyes shone with alarm. "What's that?" She questioned.

"None of your business!" Ratscar snapped. Russetsky glared at him.

"Take your cats and leave," Dapplestar growled lowly. Skypaw glanced at Willowleaf, who stared at her paws. She moved her gaze to Russetsky. The russet she-cat didn't seem affected when the ShadowClan cats still believed Willowleaf was their medicine cat.

"As you wish," Russetsky meowed, her tone still calm. Skypaw admired how Russetsky was being more mature than her own mother. The ThunderClan deputy flicked her tail as a signal, and Skypaw and Willowleaf were on their paws following her within moments.

"Remember," Willowleaf meowed over her shoulder. "Run, or die."

Skypaw didn't look back at the camp. She saw her mother's pelt rise briefly at Willowleaf's words, and she knew how horrible that sounded. However, her fur layed flat again quickly. Russetsky looked over her shoulder at the two she-cats.

"Let's get out of here," She meowed. "Whatever is back there is approaching and it's only going to cause trouble if we take our time." With that, the ThunderClan deputy raced off. Skypaw's paws were still in pain from the pine needles and were a mess because of the slippery marsh, but Russetsky and Willowleaf didn't seem to have a problem.

The reasons the two she-cats had experience in ShadowClan's territory sent her skin crawling, so she pushed them out of her mind.

Instead, she looked at the stars, which scattered back into their normal places in the sky. Skypaw looked at them for one more moment before returning her eyes to the ground. She had to watch this unfamiliar territory for dangers.

She wanted to think about the prophecy, but she figured she needed

a break from it. She had to take time to be a normal ThunderClan apprentice, right? In the morning, she knew Russetsky would get her up and training bright and early. Hazelflower and Skypaw had fallen behind due to the sudden bursts of battles and the fact that Skypaw ran away, something that Sunstar certainly would not approve of.

Skypaw dreaded training. She loved being an apprentice, but she just wanted a few days to let her wounds heal and to sleep. She may just seem like a trouble-some apprentice to her Clanmates, but she knew that some cats knew that she wasn't doing nothing. She was trying to make sense of herself and what StarClan had chosen her for.

She sighed. If she ever wanted to become a warrior, she had to work hard.

"Rainpaw is training again," Russetsky commented, trying to start conversation. Skypaw heard Willowleaf take in a sharp breath.

"She wasn't ready!" Willowleaf stressed. "Who let her?"

"Sunstar did." Willowleaf and Russetsky shared a glance. "Bramblefrost and I protested against it, but there's only so much we can do."

She felt her mother's eyes burn her pelt. Willowleaf and Skypaw made contact for a moment before the former medicine cat spoke up.

"She knows, Russetsky." Russetsky looked at Willowleaf with shock.

"How?" Her eyes were wide.

"StarClan showed her in a special way," Willowleaf meowed carefully.

"What about Shadepaw and Rainpaw? Do they know?" Skypaw hated the fact that Russetsky acted as if Skypaw wasn't even here.

"No," Willowleaf replied briefly.

"Why did they show Skypaw?"

"Skypaw is the sky in the prophecy," Willowleaf whispered. "She is the sky that will fall."

Dead silence filled the clearing as Russetsky's jaw dropped to the forest floor. Only when Skypaw turned to look to see where they were did she see the fiery pelt and the piercing green eyes narrowed into a hard glare at the ThunderClan scent line.

**I know, this chapter pretty much sucked. Sorry guys, I have a really bad headache, therefor had writer's block. I was going to hold off and write it, but I haven't updated since Thursday and I felt like I needed to.**

**Thank you to all the people who have been private messaging me great things about Skyfall! And, a thank you to all the voters, commenters, and followers of mine.**

**Skypaw loves you <3**

**Please vote, and if you have any questions feel free to ask!**

# Chapter 23

Skypaw froze. Her tail lashed back and forth as her eyes met the green ones that were glaring at her heavily. Even in the middle of the night, where darkness roamed the territories, his pelt still shone as bright as storming flames.

Willowleaf and Russetsky hadn't noticed. They continued to talk about Skypaw as if she wasn't there, and she felt her fur start to raise.

"Be quiet!" Skypaw snapped. The ThunderClan deputy and the former medicine cat looked confused as they looked at her. She would usually feel guilty by such an outburst to upper Clanmates, even if they were her friend and her own mother, but not now. No cat would learn about the prophecy.

Willowleaf followed Skypaw's gaze. She froze and looked at Russetsky quickly.

"I need to go," She meowed. Russetsky's eyes now rested on the fiery pelt. She nodded briefly at Willowleaf, her eyes narrowed.

"Skypaw," Willowleaf whispered fiercly. "Meet me at the Gathering island tomorrow after you're done training." Skypaw nodded and watched as the tortoiseshell she-cat sprinted across the marsh. Skypaw wanted to know where she would go, because certainly their nests would be destroyed from the monsters.

Skypaw looked back to her mother right as her tail flicked in signal. Without taking her eyes off the pelt, the ThunderClan deputy took her time to get to the ThunderClan scent line, something she was against just a few moments before.

As the two she-cats reached the border, Skypaw's fur flattened as she realized who the cat really was.

"Firesoul," Russetsky meowed, somewhat coldly. "Would you like to

explain why you're in the territory alone at moonhigh?"

Firesoul continued to glare heavily. Skypaw didn't care, she was just relieved the ThunderClan leader had not caught them instead. Surely a warrior couldn't do much damage, right? After all, she had been caught with the deputy!

"Sunstar sent me out here to check for rogues," Firesoul spat. "Looks like it was a good idea. It hasn't even been a whole day since she was exiled!"

"You saw her in ShadowClan territory, not ThunderClan's. If you had been listening, you'd know that is where Sunstar had exiled her. She did nothing wrong."

"What about *you?"* Skypaw tried to hold back a mrrow of amusement. She knew there was no way Russetsky would lose this arguement. "And that runaway apprentice!"

"That runaway apprentice is my daughter." Russetsky meowed coldly once more, but calmly. Once again, Skypaw found herself admiring her mother.

"So?" Firesoul's tail lashed.

"I also order patrols." Her mother fought back. "I had her come with me."

Firesoul was silent for a moment, until his eyes brightened like he had found a nest of mice. "Why were you talking to Willowleaf, then?"

"To tell her to get her paws off our territory." Russetsky's eyes started to blaze like fire. "Do not question me again."

Skypaw didn't know how she felt about her mother's lie. She knew well enough that Russetsky did not support Sunstar exiling ThunderClan's only medicine cat, but she also knew that Russetsky would tell Willowleaf to get off ThunderClan's land if she was caught there. Russetsky was a loyal deputy.

"We're going to head back to camp," Russetsky dismissed the

suspicious warrior. "Finish what Sunstar told you to do and report back to me."

Firesoul nodded once before continuing along the ThunderClan border. Skypaw knew that he would not find any trace of Willowleaf near their territory, but she didn't say anything but follow her mother through the dark woods.

*

*

*

Skypaw's paws ached by the time she collasped in her nest. Both of her sisters were in the den, huddling closely together. Skypaw felt lonely, so she curled up next to Rainpaw. She hadn't seen her sister since the battle with the badgers. Her heart weighed heavily with guilt.

She examined her a little closer. She didn't seem to have any broken bones, but gashes and scratches still littered her dark gray tabby pelt. One of her ears was torn, and Skypaw knew that Rainpaw would use that to brag about her survival. However, she didn't mind.

Shadepaw had a few gashes herself from the ShadowClan battle, but nothing serious. The redness of them was impossible to miss as they shone brightly in the moonlight against her shadowy pelt. Skypaw heard a faint purr rumble from both of her sisters' throats, for they were happy to be together again.

It suddenly occurred to Skypaw that Russetsky's name didn't make sense as she gazed at Shadepaw. Her mother had a shadowy pelt, not a reddish-brown one. The sky certainly didn't turn those colors, so why had the ThunderClan deputy been named after it?

Skypaw shrugged it off. Her name didn't matter, only the fact that she was a loyal member of ThunderClan.

As she curled up, she was confused on where to lay exactly. Should she lay close, joining in on her sister's bond? Or should she keep her

distance, keeping herself away like she always had in the nursery?

Skypaw's mind traveled back to when she had spoken to Appleleaf for the first time. She shrugged, curling up closely to Rainpaw. She wouldn't let another opportunity fall through her paws at a relationship with her sisters.

She was surprised when she noticed a faint purr form in her own throat and rumble in sync to her sisters' as she drifted into sleep.

*

*

*

"Skypaw!" A familiar call reached Skypaw's ears. She was on her paws within moments. Shadepaw's nest was empty, although Rainpaw still remained in hers. She stirred and opened her eyes at Skypaw's movement.

"Morning!" Rainpaw chirped, leaping to her paws and stretching. Skypaw couldn't deny the amount of excitement in her sister's eyes.

"Morning," Skypaw replied before her voice came out small. "Look, Rainpaw..."

Rainpaw looked at her, her deep blue eyes that reminded Skypaw of the lake full of curiosity as she asked, "Yes?"

"I'm really sorry for not visiting you in the medicine den. I really should have, but I was just so busy." Skypaw knew her apology sounded lame, but she waited for her sister to reply anyway.

"It's okay," Rainpaw meowed, her voice filled with understanding. "I'm glad you found the nest we built for you next to me last night. Shadepaw and I were worried you wouldn't take it." The understanding was replaced with shyness.

Skypaw did nothing but purr, and Rainpaw repeated her actions. A few moments passed before Skypaw heard Hazelflower's voice echo throughout the clearing again. "Skypaw!"

Skypaw groaned. Why couldn't she have one moment with her sister before it was interrupted?

"I got to go train," Skypaw meowed apologetically.

"That's okay!" The excitement in Rainpaw's lake blue eyes returned. "I get to train again, too!"

Skypaw purred before ducking out of the den. She pushed the memory of Willowleaf declaring Rainpaw wasn't ready to train yet away. Being the only apprentices in the Clan, she knew that that would not be the last heart warming moment she would share with the cats she now knew as friends.

Skypaw blinked a few times as sunlight burned her eyes as she reached Hazelflower. She was not expecting it to be this late. *I can't believe I slept till sunhigh! Did Hazelflower oversleep, too?* She had thought it was dawn.

Yet again, she did trek through ShadowClan's territory and to their camp before returning to her nest on an empty stomach. As soon as she realized that, her stomach rumbled.

*I'll have to grab something from the fresh kill pile after training.* Skypaw prayed that it wouldn't be a long session.

"We're going to hunt today, lazy fur!" Hazelflower meowed cheerfully. No matter what mood Skypaw was in, Hazelflower could always make her happy just by her tone of voice.

Skypaw nodded approvingly. She hasn't hunted with Hazelflower in ages.

Hazelflower and Skypaw were about to head out of camp when a shadowy pelt stood below the Highrock. Her mother's voice boomed in her ears as she called out patrols.

"Border patrol: Duskwave, Petalheart, and Rainpaw." Skypaw purred as she heard her sister's name being called on her first patrol in what seemed like ages. Russetsky continued. "Hunting patrol: Jaysoul, Flarecloud, and Shadepaw."

Once again, the two she-cats were about to leave camp, thinking the ThunderClan deputy was done talking. However, her voice still rang through her ears. "We will be going to the Gathering tomorrow! The cats selected are Duskwave, Jaysoul, Bramblefrost, Bumblefoot, Petalheart, Hazelflower, Flarecloud, Firesoul, Shadepaw, Skypaw, and Rainpaw."

Skypaw's paws tingled with excitement at hearing her name. She continued out of camp for real this time with Hazelflower as they made small talk.

Skypaw almost tripped on her own paws as she saw amber eyes twinkle through the bushes before vanishing from her sight.

**Yay! A longer chapter!**

**I know this Gathering is actually very, very late, and I apologize. Skypaw's been training as an apprentice for almost four moons now and I haven't mentioned a Gathering once. It's just been a pawful for her with the prophecy on her paws and Willowleaf being exiled, not to mention Sunstar's situation.**

**Please pretend that Skypaw and her littermates have attended about three Gatherings already, so this will be her fourth. This will also make it easier on me so I don't have to pretend she's in awe. XD**

**Also, I know I have only written one training scene for Skypaw. This was right before the battle with the badgers, in case you don't remember. I'm sorry, but I find writing training is actually quite boring when I know what I have in store for the silver tabby apprentice... XD**

**Thanks for reading and please forgive me for slacking off a bit!**

**Edit: I have just posted the first bit of the How To book. It's called 'How to Fanfic' and is published on my profile. Go take a look!**

# Chapter 24

"Are you okay?" Hazelflower asked while Skypaw recovered, still looking at where the eyes disappeared.

"Yes," Skypaw meowed, slowly tearing her eyes to Hazelflower. The black she-cat had worry in her hazel eyes.

"Let's go, then," Hazelflower dismissed the issue, but Skypaw couldn't miss the uncertainty in her mentor's voice.

Skypaw knew that she had seen the amber eyes of Willowleaf. Anger boiled up inside of her when she realized that it was too dangerous for the former medicine cat to be roaming around ThunderClan territory. She has no battle skill and Sunstar would surely have her killed if she was caught!

Skypaw dropped into a hunter's crouch when she drew in the fresh scent of mouse. Keeping her tail still and her eyes focused, she slowly crept forward. She was well aware of Hazelflower's eyes following her every move, but she didn't let it distract her.

The brown creature soon came into sight. It was nibbling on a beech nut, oblivious to Skypaw preying on it. As silent as a snake, Skypaw leaped, claws unsheathed. Her claws sank into its fur as it scrambled its tiny paws trying to get free of her grip, but Skypaw swiftly bit its neck before it could realize what was happening.

She stood back on her paws, her catch dangling from her jaws. Hazelflower's eyes were shining with pride.

"Well done!" Her mentor praised, and Skypaw took a moment to appreciate it.

"Thanks!" Skypaw replied. She refrained from doing what some other warriors did, which was covering dirt over their prey and coming to get it later. She hated it when her Clanmates did that, for the taste of dirt made her want to gag. She ate it anyway, because

she knew that she should be thankful she had any prey at all.

Thanking StarClan for its life, she set off through her territory again, the scent of freshly caught mouse making her mouth water. She scanned the terrain, giving off the impression she was looking for any signs of prey. However, she was looking for those amber eyes that had caught her off guard.

She grew more and more relieved when she saw no signs of Willowleaf as the moments went on. The new loner had even done an excellent job of covering up her scent, and as Skypaw thought about it, she hadn't caught any scent of Willowleaf whatsoever.

*

*

*

Hazelflower and Skypaw had to make two trips to gather all of the fresh kill they had caught. They had hunted for hours, for it was now dusk. Skypaw had a growing headache due to the lack of food, and she thought about going to go see Willowleaf for something so she could continue her hunt undisturbed. Her heart sank when she remembered her friend was out there in the wilderness, all alone.

She heard murmurs of praise and purrs as hungry warriors admired the stack of prey that now towered over the fresh kill pile. Skypaw's pelt rushed with pride, and she could tell Hazelflower was feeling the same way.

Her paws filled with joy as she turned to see two sets of happy eyes strolling toward her. As Shadepaw and Rainpaw came within earshot, Skypaw called out a greeting to her siblings.

"Hi!" Her mew was filled with happiness. Her sisters thought of her as a friend at last.

"Skypaw!" Rainpaw and Shadepaw said in unison. Their eyes were bright, and Skypaw took a moment to realize that none of the littermates had the same features.

Skypaw's silver tabby pelt looked similar to Rainpaw's dark gray tabby one, but not the same. Shadepaw's shadowy, almost black, pelt stood out. Skypaw and Rainpaw still had blue eyes, but Skypaw's looked more like the sky and Rainpaw's the lake. Shadepaw's green eyes casted her out of the similarities all together.

The more Skypaw thought about it, the more she grew to like it. She liked being her own cat, with her own appearance that made her herself.

Suddenly, a picture of Littlepaw from the battle with ShadowClan appeared in her mind. She quickly shoved it away.

As Littlepaw faded from her mind, a friendly tom-cat replaced it. She quickly recongized Hawkspirit, and how he was always willing to talk to her and be friendly. She wondered how he was doing as a full medicine cat. ShadowClan better not take him for granted.

Skypaw found herself confused when she was thinking of ShadowClan's medicine cat. She shook her head to clear it.

"We were wondering if you wanted to eat with us," Rainpaw asked. Shadepaw nodded as if to agree.

"I would love to," Skypaw purred her answer. Choosing a plump vole, caught by Hazelflower, she followed her sisters into the shade of the weeping willow.

She gazed up at its leaves, wondering if she'd ever receive a sign from StarClan that way again. Who was she kidding, StarClan didn't need to send her signs! Skypaw was still a normal apprentice, Willowleaf would surely receive them instead.

She knew for a fact that Sunstar's foolish exile would not stop her warrior ancestors from keeping contact with Willowleaf. Skypaw wouldn't even be surprised if the former medicine cat still showed up at the Moonpool at half moon.

*Willowleaf!* Skypaw yelled at herself inside of her head. *I forgot to meet her!*

Skypaw was about to jump to her paws and race to the Gathering

island, but she quickly calmed herself down. Her littermates would question her, and the farther night fell over the camp, the more protective the warriors would be.

"I can't believe how much you and Hazelflower caught!" Rainpaw purred, still gazing at the fresh kill pile.

"We won't need to hunt for moons," Shadepaw joked. Purrs of amusement rose from the siblings.

"I didn't even notice that it was dusk," Skypaw added on to the conversation. "I probably would have hunted all night!"

"Until Sunstar sent out his patrols for any signs of Willowleaf," Rainpaw spat. Shadepaw shuffled her paws uncomfortably.

"She betrayed ThunderClan," Shadepaw meowed quietly. "He wants to make sure she doesn't come back."

Skypaw and Rainpaw shot sharp looks at Shadepaw. "No she didn't!" Skypaw meowed, defense creeping into her voice slightly, but not enough to make the shadowy apprentice feel threatened. "I was there," She added.

"Medicine cats don't participate in battles between Clans," Rainpaw meowed softly. "She had no reason to help ShadowClan, and neither did ShadowClan's medicine cats."

"But still," Shadepaw defended herself. "How coincidental that Nightflare and Hawkspirit showed up to talk to Willowleaf a few seconds before their Clan tried to take over our forest?"

Skypaw remembered that Nightflare had mentioned that Dapplestar was ill. As far as Skypaw could recall, Willowleaf hadn't mentioned that to Sunstar before she was exiled. Skypaw decided to keep that information to herself.

"Everything happens for a reason," Skypaw meowed. Her sisters nodded in agreement. "It's over with, we won the battle and any 'threat' Willowleaf put to ThunderClan is gone."

"You're right," Shadepaw meowed. "No need to talk about it now."

After the three littermates finished their meals, they padded into the apprentice den. Curling up in the positions they were in the night before, Skypaw waited for her sisters' breathing to slow, signalling sleep.

She quietly padded to the back of the den. Using her claws to tear a little opening through the brambles and twigs that made up the apprentices' den, she squeezed through it. Her pelt pricked with pain as brambles snagged her and twigs stabbed her, but she kept going until she was free.

Exiting camp throught the dirt place tunnel, she bolted across the territory on her way to meet Willowleaf.

**Vote and comment! I love reading your feedback.**

# Chapter 25

Keeping within one tail length of the lakeshore, Skypaw scurried across WindClan's moor. She felt the need to scan her surroundings every few seconds to make sure she had not attracted the attention of any cats. Or worse, other creatures.

Being out by the lake in another Clan's territory was spooky. The dark water threatened to soak her paws as it lapped up at the shore, and crickets let out an eerie sound. Skypaw's pelt pricked.

Praying that Willowleaf was still there, Skypaw unsheathed her claws as she gripped onto the fallen tree. The crashing of water on the shore was taunting her as she knew there would be no one to save her if she fell.

Gripping onto the tree as tightly as she could, she quickly made her way across. She sighed with relief as her paws felt the soft grass below them. *Thank StarClan, I made it!*

Skypaw was going pad over to where the Clan cats usually gather to listen to their leaders. Stale scents of WindClan, ShadowClan, RiverClan and ThunderClan reached her mouth as she grew in a breath.

"Skypaw!" A greeting hollered from the bushes. Skypaw's fur bristled and her tail bushed up out of fear before the familiar tortoiseshell pelt came into view.

"Willowleaf!" Skypaw hissed playfully. "You scared the life out of me!"

"Well, you're alive," Willowleaf meowed humorously. Her gaze quickly turned to curiosity. "Why are you here so late?"

"Hazelflower took me out hunting from sunhigh to dusk," Skypaw explained apologetically. "I had to sneak out of camp. I was hoping you were still here."

"I sheltered here," Willowleaf explained. "The leaders are quite lucky. That tree is actually more comfortable than it seems."

Skypaw's eyes widened in alarm. "The Gathering is tomorrow! You have to get out of here!"

"I know, I know," Willowleaf meowed. "Calm down. I'm planning to follow you out."

"But what about your scent?" Skypaw's worries died down as she remembered Willowleaf's tricky scent cover up from earlier that day. "Oh, never mind. You did a wonderful job of hiding yourself today, by the way. You had me scared out of my fur."

Willowleaf narrowed her eyes as curiosity threatened to take them over. "What do you mean?" Her meow was low.

"When I saw you out with Hazelflower," Skypaw meowed like it was obvious. "I saw you in that bush."

"Skypaw," Willowleaf's meow was filled with alarm. "That wasn't me."

"Ha-ha," Skypaw replied sarcastically. "You've scared me too many times today, haven't you had enough?"

"No, Skypaw," Willowleaf snapped. "That really was not me. I was here all day."

Skypaw had an eerie feeling suddenly creep up her fur. "W-what do you mean?"

"Whoever that cat was, it was not me. I'm not a fool! I wouldn't have gone back to ThunderClan's territory after seeing Firesoul and knowing that Sunstar had patrols sent out just to make sure I wasn't there."

Skypaw's voice came out as barely a whisper as her fur began to rise. "Then, who could it have been?"

"Well, what did they look like?" Skypaw could tell the former medicine cat was trying to keep her own emotions under control for

Skypaw's sake, but she knew better. Both she-cats were panicking.

"I only saw their eyes," Skypaw explained. "They were amber, just like yours. They quickly disappeared after I saw them, though. They didn't leave a scent, that's why I thought you did such a great job."

Skypaw let out a small screech as she saw the same amber eyes emerge from the shadowy trees. Its pelt had a ghostly outline, and she could see right through it. The color of this cat's pelt was heart to determine, and Willowleaf froze with horror as she realized who it was. Her pelt spiked and her eyes were wild.

"Miss me?" The dark meow of this cat rattled Skypaw's insides as the cat let out a rasping, evil purr.

**Mwhahah! Short update. I have to go to bed soon, so I figured I would post this before I did. I've been falling behind in updates lately, and I've been trying very hard to catch back up.**

**Sorry for the cliffhanger. In case you guys haven't noticed, cliffhangers are like my favorite thing in the world.**

**Until I read them, of course.**

**Have a nice night and I'll update in the morning! XD**

# Chapter 26

Willowleaf didn't reply. Skypaw could tell the former medicine cat knew this mysterious, spooky tom, but she didn't want to ask how. Skypaw wanted to pretend she wasn't here.

"Come on, Willowleaf," The deep meow rang through Skypaw's ears. "You know you did."

"Never in a million moons," Willowleaf spat. "Go back to where you came from."

The cat's amber eyes moved from Willowleaf to Skypaw. It took all she had not to bolt away and not curl up in her warm nest with her sisters.

"Who's this?" The tom questioned. Skypaw knew after a moment that this cat indeed knew who she was. Skypaw didn't know whether to speak or not, but she definitely didn't want him to think she was afraid of him. Luckily, Willowleaf saved her.

"Darkface," The former medicine cat meowed calmly. "Go."

Skypaw shivered. She couldn't get her mind off of how evil and mysterious this cat was, let alone with the name Darkface.

"Relax, Willowleaf." Darkface's eyes seemed to soften. Skypaw glanced at Willowleaf and immediately thought of the worst.

She'd heard nursery tales of medicine cats who have had mates. It was against the warrior code, the medicine code, and simply wasn't right. Unfair, Skypaw thought, but it was the code and no cat could change it.

Growing hostility formed in Skypaw's mind. Willowleaf betrayed ThunderClan after all! How *dare* she? She deserved to go live by herself, even if she was ThunderClan's only healer!

"Why should I?" Willowleaf retorted. "You only killed our mother."

Skypaw froze. *Our* mother? The anger that had built up inside of her deflated instantly. Guilt replaced it. How could she even think Willowleaf would betray the Clan and take on a mate? This cat was her littermate!

"I know," Darkface rolled his eyes. "But there's something you need to know."

"I don't want any more of your apologizes!" Willowleaf hissed. "I know you don't mean them."

"I'm not here to apologize," Darkface meowed flatly. "I'm here to warn you."

Skypaw could see the color drain from the tips of Willowleaf's ears. Certainly Darkface wouldn't threaten his own sister, would he?

"I know about the prophecy," Darkface explained, somewhat softly. Skypaw felt her own ears drain. The Dark Forest knew?

Skypaw's memory took her back to her nursery days.

*"What's the Place of No Stars, Russetsky?" Shadekit's soft mew rang through the nursery.*

*"Why do you need to know?" Russetsky meowed uncomfortably to her daughter.*

*"Because," Rainkit chimed in. "We heard Hawkeye and Duskwave joking around about it. Is it bad?"*

*"Yes," Russetsky meowed. Skykit could tell Russetsky was going to let Hawkeye and Duskwave have it when she got the chance.*

*"What is it, then?" Skykit couldn't contain her own curiosity as she asked the question.*

*"It's the Dark Forest," Russetsky meowed slowly. "It's where cats go when they do evil things in their lives. When StarClan doesn't accept them."*

*The three littermates gasped. How could StarClan not accept any of their own kin?*

*"What do you mean, when StarClan doesn't accept them?" Rainkit's eyes were as wide as the moon.*

*"Go to sleep, my kits," Russetsky soothed. "We can talk about it another time."*

Russetsky never brought up the Dark Forest again, and neither did Skypaw or her littermates. Skypaw hadn't even given it a second thought, it had slipped her mind completely.

Looking at Darkface, the reality of it all was starting to sink in. This cat had murdered his own mother and had been rejected by his warrior ancestors! And he was trying to *warn* them? Skypaw's eyes clouded with disbelief.

Willowleaf had calmed down a bit, but Skypaw could still tell she hated her brother for his crime. Skypaw noticed the tortoiseshell she-cat nodded slightly, signalling him to continue. If Willowleaf was able to listen to her littermate, so should Skypaw.

"How do you know?" Willowleaf meowed, suspicion in her voice.

"I visit the Clans every now and then," Darkface explained. His amber gaze rested on Skypaw. "Just saw Skypaw earlier today." So he had known who she was, after all!

"So that was *you?*" No wonder he was able to leave without a scent! Realization struck her mind once again. "How do you now my name?" Skypaw narrowed her eyes.

"I'm not mousebrained," Darkface replied. "I visit the Clans, and I know the prophecy. You're the sky that will fall, blah blah bla-"

"Get to the point!" Willowleaf snapped.

"Anyways," Darkface glared at his littermate for a moment before continuing. "A new cat has visited the Dark Forest."

"How does that affect us?" Willowleaf asked at the same time Skypaw meowed, "Who?"

"It affects you because it affects the prophecy, and that cat, is

Sunstar."

**MWHAHAH! Sorry, short chapter again. I figured this was a good place to stop.**

**Thank you so much for 1.3K reads already! This is unbelieveable! Almost to 200 votes, thank you for that as well. :D**

**Comment your predictions, thoughts, questions and statements below! I love to read them. Don't forget to vote, and I'll have hopefully two more chapters out today, if not one.**

# Chapter 27

Willowleaf and Skypaw stood there, completely stunned. Darkface had amusement in his eyes.

"Your expressions," He meowed with humor in his voice.

Willowleaf and Skypaw glared at the tom. He immediately fell silent and looked at his paws.

"This is a serious issue!" Willowleaf snapped.

"How so?" The Dark Forest cat tilted his head to the side.

Skypaw narrowed her eyes. Willowleaf gritted her teeth as she replied.

"There is a prophecy that involves the fate of the Clan leader, and now we just found out he found his way to the Dark Forest while he is still alive!"

"First of all, cats from Clans go to the Dark Forest while they're still alive all the time. Second of all, I don't see why Sunstar has to get crushed by a falling sky." Skypaw wanted to leap on this cat and tear his ghostly pelt to shreds.

"It's none of your business!" Skypaw cut into the bickering. "Stop stalking the Clans, too!"

"The Clan cats hang in the Dark Forest, so why can't we tour the Clans?"

"Enough!" Willowleaf snapped. Her fur was bristling once more. "It's almost moonhigh. Skypaw has to get back to her nest and you need to go back to where you came from."

"Whatever," Darkface rolled his eyes. "You could at least thank me."

"Thank you." Willowleaf meowed flatly, rolling her eyes, repeating

her brother's movement. Skypaw decided to stay silent.

Darkface vanished from sight. Skypaw watched in amazement, but Willowleaf quickly snapped her out of her thoughts. "StarClan cats can do that too," she meowed, her tone umemotional.

"We won't be able to talk tomorrow due to the Gathering," Willowleaf meowed, in a somewhat brighter tone. "But you can tell me what happened the next day. I'll be here." Skypaw suspected she would like to know what the ThunderClan leader would say to her.

"Aren't you nervous?" Skypaw was uneasy. "The island is so close to RiverClan territory."

"They can't lay a paw on it. It's the code." Skypaw knew of no certain rule that stated Clans couldn't take over the Gathering spot, but she just nodded. Maybe the truce kept invaders away.

"Goodbye, Skypaw." Willowleaf touched noses with Skypaw in goodbye. "I'll talk to you soon. Remember, don't slack off in training. You don't want to make Sunstar suspicious."

Skypaw nodded. With that, Willowleaf bounded away through the trees of the small island. Skypaw could swear there was no other way to get back to the territories besides swimming, but apparently there was more to the former medicine cat's past than Skypaw knew. Maybe she had learned to swim somehow.

Skypaw had noticed she hadn't moved very far from the fallen tree. Leaping back on the slippery bark, she scurried along, trying to forget the rushing water below her. Bolting as quickly away as she could, she made sure her paws stayed within one tail length of the lakeshore as she made her way through WindClan territory in the darkness.

*

*

*

"Skypaw!" Skypaw groaned as Hazelflower's voice erupted through

the clearing. All she wanted to do was sleep.

Memories from the night before filled her mind. Bolting through unknown territory, crossing the tree alone, meeting Willowleaf and finding out she was related to a Dark Forest cat who had died and killed his own mother. Skypaw wanted to know how he died exactly, but she pushed the thought away. It wasn't her business.

Neither one of them had any connection to ThunderClan anymore, so it wouldn't matter.

Skypaw climbed to her paws, stretching. Both of her littermates had vanished from the den. She found it odd, because Petalheart doesn't usually take Rainpaw out training at sunhigh. She shrugged.

Her paws seemed twice as heavy as they normally did as she met Hazelflower near the gorse tunnel. As always, her eyes were bright. *Maybe it's because she happens to get sleep,* Skypaw thought enviously to herself.

Skypaw wished she could just be a normal apprentice. She wanted to know what real Clan life was like, when a cat didn't have to skip sleep time to meet an exiled medicine cat about a prophecy. Or learn that her leader was a traitor, a murderer, and could very well be a Dark Forest warrior.

"Morning!" Hazelflower chirped. However, Skypaw's eyes didn't rest on Hazelflower, but Petalheart and Flarecloud.

"Morning," She replied before asking, "Where are Rainpaw and Shadepaw?"

"They're out on a patrol with Russetsky," Flarecloud explained. Skypaw's heart longed to be with them.

"So," Hazelflower cut in. "We're going to test your battle skills." Her eyes had a sparkling gleam in them.

Skypaw's ears perked with interest. Hazelflower flicked Petalheart's shoulder.

"Since you've been training for almost four moons," Petalheart

explained. "That means you only have two moons left. So, from now on then it's going to be hardcore training, trying to push you to your limits."

"We're going to pretend that we're ShadowClan warriors," Flarecloud continued. "One by one, we're going to jump in at attacking you. Hazelflower will start, and then Petalheart will join in when you least expect it. If you can continue to fight us off, I will attack. When we think a normal ShadowClan warrior would surrender, we will leave. Let's see how long you can last."

"Woah," Skypaw was about to reply when she heard the familiar voice. A dark brown tabby pelt came into view, his blue eyes filled with worry. "That seems like a lot."

"Bramblefrost," Hazelflower dipped her head in greeting. "While Russetsky has Rainpaw and Shadepaw on patrol, I thought I would see how Skypaw's training is coming along with the help of their mentors. There's only so much I can teach her, she needs to learn more in numbers."

Her father's eyes still glittered with anxiety. "You're three full grown warriors," he contradicted. "it's not fair."

"She will gain strength from this," Petalheart added. "Especially when it's most needed. We don't know what ShadowClan has up their fur."

*ShadowClan!* Skypaw had almost forgot. *Did the monsters destroy their camp?*

Skypaw found the familiar image of Hawkspirit in her mind. *I hope he's okay!* She thought to herself. *He's too kind for disaster in his path.*

"Skypaw?" Skypaw was snapped out of her thoughts and found the four warriors staring at her. Bramblefrost blinked.

"What?" She meowed, shaking her head to clear it.

"We asked if it was okay with you," Petalheart meowed slowly.

"Oh," Skypaw thought for a moment. "I'll give it a shot."

"Be careful," Bramblefrost brushed his pelt along his daughter's for a moment before going to the fresh kill pile. Skypaw looked at him for a moment before following the three she-cats out of camp.

Heading towards the training hollow, Skypaw saw a familiar pelt. Looking closer, she saw two cats she knew all too well.

*Nightflare and Hawkspirit!*

She was surprised when she found her paws straying away from her mentors and towards the two ShadowClan cats all by herself.

**Hai.**

**Recieved bad news about a friend today. If you can, will you please pray for his health?**

**And I'm sorry, I said I would update yesterday and I got halfway through it until I had to go to bed.**

**Mothers. -.-**

**But I uploaded it today :D Thoughts?**

**I bet I know what you are thinkinnn :3 XD**

# Chapter 28

Hawkspirit's eyes brightened as he turned to face the pounding paws towards him.

"Skypaw!" He meowed a friendly greeting. His eyes were friendly and inviting, as always.

"Hawkspirit!" She returned the enthusiasm until she realized Nightflare and her three mentors looked at them with confusion. "What brings you here?" She meowed, her voice more flat as if two warriors were talking.

"We came to get herbs from Willowleaf," Hawkspirit explained. "We're doing a trade. We're right on time, according to the last time we chatted." Skypaw noticed Nightflare's jaws were clamped around bundles of leaves.

Skypaw didn't know what to say. Looking back at the ThunderClan she-cats, they shrugged. Hazelflower decided to speak. "Skypaw," She cleared her throat. "Maybe you want to tell Nightflare and Hawkspirit what happened."

Skypaw nodded and stared at her paws for a second. Nightflare and Hawkspirit both had looks of alarm on their faces.

"S-Sunstar exiled her," Skypaw stuttered. Hawkspirit gasped, and Nightflare meowed something that Skypaw couldn't understand due to the herbs in her mouth.

"He thinks you used her to get her away from camp and to get in the heart of the battle to heal your warriors," Skypaw explained. Nightflare lashed her tail, and anger grew in Hawkspirit's eyes. "When she tried to stand up for you, he called her a traitor and made her leave ThunderClan." Skypaw purposely left out the part that the former ThunderClan medicine cat was exiled into ShadowClan's territory.

"Nonsense!" Hawkspirit hissed. "We're medicine cats, it goes beyond our code!"

"We know," Petalheart's voice chimed in. "but what is done is done." Flarecloud had a look of disapproval on her face and glared slightly. *Did I say too much?*

Skypaw didn't care. They may be ShadowClan, members of the coldhearted, but they were medicine cats. Skypaw couldn't recall a medicine cat that had ever murdered someone.

"Maybe if we speak with Sunstar he'll let Willowleaf return?" Hawkspirit suggested brightly. Skypaw admired his enthusiasm while he suggested favors to another Clan.

"There's no need," Flarecloud meowed flatly. Skypaw found herself glaring at the ginger warrior.

"Flarecloud," Hazelflower gave the ginger warrior a sharp look. "Don't be rude. They're trying to get our medicine cat back."

"Sunstar will never allow it and just hate on them," Flarecloud retorted. With a smug expression, she added, "I know my littermate."

Petalheart shot Flarecloud a harsh look and Hazelflower's eyes narrowed. Skypaw was still glaring, and the ShadowClan medicine cats lashed their tails. Skypaw could tell Flarecloud was growing uncomfortable as she shuffled her paws.

Nightflare lightly set down the bundles of herbs she was carrying. Swiping her tongue across her lips a few times to get rid of the taste, she meowed, "We were just trying to help, Flarecloud." Nightflare's tone was flat.

*Nice going, Flarecloud!* Skypaw hissed to herself.

"As medicine cats, Willowleaf is our friend and somewhat an ally in StarClan's name," Hawkspirit added.

"I don't suppose what we do with these herbs for Willowleaf now," Nightflare stared at the bundles at her paws. "We really needed that

catmint."

"Skypaw, show them to the border." Flarecloud snapped. Skypaw shot Flarecloud a look, Hazelflower doing the same.

"Someone woke up on the wrong side of the nest today," Hazelflower retorted. "If you'd excuse me, Skypaw is my apprentice. Don't be rude to her." Skypaw's heart warmed when she realized her mentor was sticking up for her.

Flarecloud did nothing but lash her tail.

"I'll meet you in the training hollow?" Skypaw looked at Hazelflower for approval. She nodded.

Setting off with Nightflare strangely leading the way, Hawkspirit and Skypaw trailed behind. She was trying to figure out something to say to ease the tension, but luckily Hawkspirit saved her tail.

"So, how long until you become a warrior?" He questioned.

"Almost two moons," Skypaw replied. "My fourth moon of training is just wrapping up."

"Were those all your mentors?" Surprise was heavy in his mew.

"No," Amusement glittered in Skypaw's eyes. "Those were my littermates', Rainpaw's and Shadepaw's."

"I see," He paused for a moment before continuing. "Will you be at the Gathering?"

"Yes," Excitement echoed in her voice.

"I wonder what Sunstar is going to say about Willowleaf," Sympathy filled his meow. Skypaw found it interesting how he could change emotions so quickly.

"Aren't we all?" Skypaw stared at her paws. What was Sunstar going to say about Willowleaf? *Surely cats will ask!*

Hawkspirit slowed down. Confused, Skypaw stopped and looked

back at him. Worry spotted in his blue eyes. Skypaw flicked her ear.

"What's the matter?" She asked.

"Nightflare and I didn't know ShadowClan was going to attack when we came to talk to Willowleaf," He meowed, his tone nervous. "It was coincidental, and I promise I wouldn't try to hurt y-ThunderClan." He stuttered.

"I know," She replied assuringly. "Medicine cats don't participate in their Clan's battles. I know you would be above that."

"Yeah," Hawkspirit stared at his paws. He quickly snapped his head up when Nightflare's annoyed, muffled meow sounded from ahead.

"Come on, lazy furs!"

Hawkspirit and Skypaw dashed side by side until they caught up with the black she-cat. It stil rattled her to think she was related to Nightflare, and even Dapplestar.

As Skypaw and Hawkspirit continued to walk side by side, Skypaw surprised herself when she realized this was the safest she'd felt in moons.

**Yay! I updated!**

**I'm going to try to update one more time tonight since no one is currently roleplaying with me on Final Dawn. It's almost 10:30 though, so no promises my parents won't cut me off.**

**But, that's why I have a phone, right? XD**

**Thank you for 1.5K reads! I can't remember if I mentioned it in the last chapter or not, but just in case, thank you again! :D**

**Comment predictions belowwww :D**

# Chapter 29

Skypaw hissed when she felt a hard blow to her ear as she tried to free herself from Hazelflower's grip. Hazelflower had a smug expression on her face, and Skypaw admired her acting. This is exactly how a ShadowClan cat would react to a pinned apprentice.

Skypaw had successfully saw the two ShadowClan medicine cats to the border. Nightflare and Hawkspirit had touched noses with Skypaw in goodbye, and Hawkspirit reminded her once more of the Gathering that was to occur that night. She couldn't help but notice the excitement in his eyes.

After meeting the three mentors in the training hollow, Hazelflower sat in the clearing. Petalheart and Flarecloud had already hidden themselves StarClan knows where, waiting for a time to strike as if they were ShadowClan warriors.

Hazelflower had leaped at Skypaw as soon as she entered the clearing, snarling loudly. It had caught Skypaw completely off guard, and that's how she found herself under the 'ShadowClan' warrior's strong grip.

*Mousebrain!* Skypaw scolded herself. *I walked right into that! Imagine if I had been facing a cat like Dapplestar or Ratscar? I would be crowfood!*

Claws sheathed, Skypaw raked her hind paws roughly down the black she-cat's flank. Landing a few blows quickly at her mentor's stomach so Hazelflower couldn't pin her back paws, she was finally able to make Hazelflower's grip loosen. Quickly using her stored up energy VS. Hazelflower's partially used up energy, she was able to free her front paws.

Pleased with herself for being able to escape with sheathed claws, she landed a hard, blind blow to the black she-cat's face. Judging by Hazelflower's quiet shriek, she could tell her paw hit just the right place to throw her off.

While her opponent blinked, Skypaw took the opportunity that was given to her. Leaping at her with a battle cry, she barreled the warrior right over. Hazelflower threw a few blind blows at her apprentice, but unlike Skypaw's, they didn't hit good spots. Skypaw was quickly able to claim the upper paw over her mentor and pinned her, placing a paw lightly on Hazelflower's throat.

Hazelflower broke character of the evil ShadowClan cat she was pretending to be and let an impressed emotion cloud her eyes. Skypaw panted, a smug expression showing up on her own face, stealing it from the one Hazelflower had plastered on her own face at the beginning of the training session. She knew this would be the typical expression she would have if she had defeated a ShadowClan warrior.

The ThunderClan apprentice completely forgot about the two other 'ShadowClan' cats hidden in the forest around her. When an ear splitting shriek echoed throughout the sandy clearing, Skypaw's eyes widened. She knew she was in trouble once the grip on Hazelflower's paws slipped from her reach.

Looking around, she was waiting for either the snow-white or fiery-orange pelt to come into view. Meowing slightly with confusion, she let out a cry of pain when a hard blow threw her off of her mentor and flying across the clearing. Landing with more force than she would like, she quickly climbed to her paws.

The image that was set before her made Skypaw's skin crawl. The bright fiery pelt and green eyes of Flarecloud stood triumphantly over her, but it took all she had to remind herself that it was Flarecloud.

*Sunstar.* Skypaw thought to herself. The three siblings, including Firesoul, looked identical. If she had not been told she was fighting Flarecloud, she would have thought it was either Firesoul or Sunstar, most likely Sunstar.

"A little ThunderClan apprentice, thinking she can win against *me?*" Flarecloud taunted as if she were a real ShadowClan cat. Skypaw's mind flung to Ratscar, how he had looked excited to take on Skypaw and Shadepaw both. She shivered. Flarecloud was good at

acting.

Before Skypaw had a chance to reply, she tried to climb to her paws. She was quickly sent crashing into the sand again at just a hard flow to the head of Flarecloud's strong paw. She knew Flarecloud was a senior warrior, but the amount of strength she had was unbelievable.

Skypaw looked back to where Hazelflower had last been seen. The black she-cat was up off the training hollow ground, sitting at the entrance. Her eyes were narrowed as she watched the two she-cats battle, watching intently. Skypaw had guessed Hazelflower had excluded herself from the battle to act like she was a defeated ShadowClan cat, running back to camp.

"I can win, furball!" Skypaw hissed, a little more vicious than she intended. Flarecloud's appearance fueled her words and she could tell the ginger warrior was thrown off guard by it. Taking her chance, Skypaw put all of her strength in her back legs quickly, springing up. Once again, she barreled her opponent over.

Maybe leaping moves were Skypaw's battle strength. She always had luck with them.

Sand flew up in her face when Flarecloud landed on her back in the sand, but she didn't care. Blinking once, she focused on beating this next 'ShadowClan' cat. However, Flarecloud was quicker.

Skypaw squealed in surprise when the ginger warrior's paw slipped from her grip, making Skypaw loose balance. Falling onto her side, Flarecloud leaped to her paws. Using her paw to smack Skypaw's shoulder down harshly, causing Skypaw to land on her back. Flarecloud quickly took the upper paw as she climbed on top of her, a deep smug expression layed her flaming features.

"You can win," Flarecloud mocked. "in your dreams."

Skypaw was surprised. Flarecloud was a much better battle trainer than Hazelflower was. She was stronger, wiser, and had a sharp tongue. She knew that these things would develop more for her own mentor with age, but Skypaw could only wonder how well

Shadepaw had an advantage in battle by training with Flarecloud.

"Looks like I'm dreaming, then," Skypaw growled lowly. She tried to rake her paws down Flarecloud's stomach to free herself, as she had done with Hazelflower, but Flarecloud was too strong. She didn't even budge, and her grip on her wrists was starting to ache.

Just when Flarecloud was about to place a paw on Skypaw's throat to declare victory, and quite frankly death for Skypaw if this was a real battle, another yowl sounded from above. A glistening white pelt dropped from the trees above the hollow, leaves scattering as she landed squarely on her paws. Petalheart had an evil snicker on her face as she moved towards the fighting pair.

Skypaw was caught by surprise when Petalheart leaped at Flarecloud, knocking her off of her. Skypaw quickly regained her balance on her paws. Flarecloud was struck by surprise as well, and amusement rose in her as Skypaw heard a frustrated whisper from Flarecloud that she couldn't make out.

"Get off of me!" Flarecloud repeated, louder this time.

"Fellow Clanmate," Humor rose in Petalheart's mew. Skypaw guessed the mentors were having fun being out of their usual character. "Do not kill this foxbreath until I can get a piece of her fur under my claws. We shall do this together."

Amusement glittered in Flarecloud's eyes as she fought to hold back a mrrow. Finally, she replied. "Sure thing, 'fellow Clanmate',"

Skypaw's eyes widened as wide as the moon as she noticed the two muscle flexed warriors getting ready to leap at her at once. Knowing this would be the end of her, she quickly turned and bolted away, cowering behind Hazelflower.

"I think she's had enough," Hazelflower meowed. The black she-cat side stepped, leaving Skypaw in the open again.

"Well done," Petalheart complimented. "You passed that last test. A wise warrior sometimes has to swallow their pride when they know they're no match for what faces them." Skypaw straightened, pride

filling her.

"You were able to get out of my grip as well," Hazelflower added on. "That's something you always need to try to do. If you stay pinned, the odds of survival worsen each second you are trapped."

Flarecloud nodded in agreement. "You also didn't back down by my words," the ginger warrior meowed. "Bravery is something needed in every battle, as well as courage."

Skypaw murmered a thanks. Wait until Russetsky and Bramblefrost heard this!

As the four she-cats padded back to camp, Skypaw leading the way, she knew what she would tell Hawkspirit at the Gathering. She could envision his eyes now, them happy for her, encouraging her on, even if she was from a different Clan.

*Snap out of it, Skypaw!*

**Yay! Not only did I get this published in time, it's full length. Yippeee!**

**Sorry if this isn't well written. As I said, I don't like writing training, but I did because Skypaw's life can't be all about the prophecy. She's still a Clan cat. On top of that, I'm quite tired, so my editting may not be well either.**

**Have a nice night. I'll be on Wattpad for a little bit, I got to catch up on my Warriors fanfics. :D**

# Chapter 30

Skypaw trekked single file through WindClan territory. Skypaw disliked the one tail length from shore rule, it made her and her Clanmates feel cramped.

Shadepaw ahead of her and Rainpaw behind her, she continued their conversation.

"So, you really trained with all three of them?" Shadepaw sounded astonished.

"Yes," Skypaw replied. "But it's not like I beat all of them."

"I'm surprised," Rainpaw said. "Three warriors don't usually train one apprentice."

"You were on patrol," Skypaw explained. "It's not like they left you out in the dust."

"We're not complaining," Rainpaw replied. "It's just unusual."

"ThunderClan!" A familiar deep howl sounded from above. Skypaw perked her ears and stretched her neck to try to see above Jaysoul, but the senior warrior was just too tall. "We're now crossing the bridge!"

Stepping to the side just a bit, she could see WindClan looking irritable as Sunstar jumped onto the fallen tree, Russetsky on his tail. Following the ThunderClan deputy, Bramblefrost leaped up, followed by Bumblefoot, Jaysoul, and eventually Shadepaw.

Leaping onto the all too familiar bark, she slowly followed her Clanmates to the Gathering island. The pace was much slower than the night before when Skypaw was traveling alone. She could have bolted across this trunk thirty times by now.

Keeping her tail held high like the rest of the ThunderClan cats, she, as always, felt relief under her paws as she landed on the cool grass.

As her Clan started to seperate, Sunstar and Russetsky headed to the Leader's tree and the warriors started to scatter. Skypaw turned to her littermates.

"I'm going to go see Lilypaw of RiverClan," Shadepaw announced. Skypaw nodded.

"Mine as well go chat with Runningpaw of WindClan," Rainpaw sighed. "I'm not going over near Lilypaw when Mistpaw is over there."

"That was one time," Shadepaw replied. "Mistpaw apologized,"

Skypaw didn't wait to hear Rainpaw's reply. Instead, she had found a familiar pelt. Her paws reluctantly taking her over there, his blue eyes lit up when he saw her.

"Skypaw!" Hawkspirit called out a greeting.

"Hawkspirit!" She replied, quickly calling out greetings to the other medicine cats when they seemed to be confused. "Nightflare, Sageleaf, Aquamist, Silverpaw," Skypaw dipped her head with respect.

"Skypaw," Sageleaf, medicine cat of WindClan, spoke first. "Nightflare told us about Willowleaf. What a shame! Sunstar's out of his fur!"

"He's a fool," Aquamist, medicine cat of RiverClan added. "There's got to be something we can do. ThunderClan can't be absent of a healer for long!"

"Maybe we could train another apprentice to be a medicine cat for Willowleaf?" Silverpaw, Aquamist's apprentice, suggested.

"That's not a bad idea, Silverpaw," Nightflare meowed. "But it's out of our paws whether Sunstar would allow it or not."

"Skypaw!" Skypaw whipped around in confusion as an urgent whisper sounded from the bushes. The medicine cats quieted, hearing it also.

Two amber eyes poked through the leaves, them belonging to a well hidden tortoiseshell pelt. All the medicine cats, plus Skypaw, called out a greeting. "Willowleaf!"

"Shh!" Willowleaf snapped. "Sunstar can't know I'm here. Nor can any ThunderClan cats, but Skypaw," she explained, then turned back to the ThunderClan apprentice. "I need to talk to the medicine cats, and quickly." Skypaw nodded and fell silent.

As Willowleaf started to speak, Sageleaf stared at Skypaw. Something in the WindClan cat's green eyes clicked, and she nudged Aquamist. Before long, medicine cats from all the Clans were staring at her. Growing uncomfortable, she shuffled on her paws.

"Willowleaf," Sageleaf whispered. "So, this is the Sky?"

Skypaw looked at Sageleaf with shock. The brown she-cat still had one eye on her as she listened to Willowleaf intently as the tortoiseshell former medicine cat whispered to her. Aquamist and Nightflare, plus Hawkspirit, soon began to listen. However, Silverpaw seemed to make conversation with the ThunderClan apprentice before her.

"So, you're Skypaw?" She meowed brightly.

"Yes," Skypaw replied, trying to return the enthusiasm. It was hard to, knowing the medicine cats were being explained the prophecy from Willowleaf and were talking about her. Skypaw wanted to snap at Willowleaf. Why did all the Clans need to know? The problem was in ThunderClan!

Every once in awhile, one of them would shoot Sunstar a glance as he chatted briefly with the other leaders, but glares soon began to creep into the medicine cat's gazes as they looked at the ThunderClan leader. "You're Silverpaw?" Skypaw added, trying to keep the conversation going.

"Yes," Silverpaw nodded. "Nice to meet you."

"You too," Skypaw dipped her head, Silverpaw doing the same. As Silverpaw shuffled on her paws, Skypaw decided the leaders would

begin to speak soon. "I should get back to my littermates,"

"Very well," Silverpaw nodded. Padding off, it took all Skypaw had not to look back and call out a final goodbye to Hawkspirit. He was still talking to Willowleaf, as the other medicine cats were as well.

Just had Skypaw had thought, conversations died down and cats started to sit among their own Clans again by the time Skypaw reached her littermates. Just as she got comfortable, Sunstar's deep meow echoed throughout the clearing, "Let the Clans gather!"

The clearing fell silent. Casting a final glance at the medicine cats, Willowleaf's tortoiseshell pelt was no where to be seen, nor were her sparkling amber eyes. All attention was faced at the leaders, so Skypaw turned her head back.

"Prey has been running well," Kestrelstar, leader of WindClan, spoke first. Skypaw studied his appearance, as she did every moon. The brown tom's sleek body was thin, but muscles shone through his pelt. His fur was well groomed and his golden eyes were bright as he addressed all four Clans. "We have two new apprentices, Swiftpaw and Goldenpaw. Tinyfoot has decided to retire as an elder, and may StarClan grant him many moons of rest."

Swiftpaw and Goldenpaw stood up as the Clans cheered for the two littermates. "Swiftpaw! Goldenpaw! Swiftpaw! Goldenpaw!" Swiftpaw stood up as straight as he could and puffed out his chest, while his sister shyly muttered thank-yous to the closet cats around her.

"That is all." Kestrelstar concluded, nodding at Splashstar, the RiverClan leader. The lean silver leader stood and took her place at the end of her branch.

"Twolegs have settled in for greenleaf, but have not affected us." Skypaw could notice she made sure all cats could hear her last few words of her sentence. "Mothflight has given birth to two kits, Mallowkit and Wavekit." The RiverClan leader nodded to Dapplestar. Skypaw shivered.

She had not forgotten the way the dappled she-cat had tried to kill

her mother as well as Skypaw herself. How vicious she had been, not to mention how she planned to take over ThunderClan's forest, and the rudeness and accusion that came from her mouth when Willowleaf and Skypaw had tried to warn her about the monsters.

*We'll hear about the monsters now, I suppose,* Skypaw thought to herself. Speaking of which, Skypaw still had not asked her mother why she had suddenly shown up alone at ShadowClan's camp. How had she known they were there?

"ShadowClan is strong!" Dapplestar yowled, a little too loudly. As she did so, yowls of approval rose from the ShadowClan cats. Glancing back, Nightflare and Hawkspirit had remained silent. Glares and lashed tails came from the other Clans, including Skypaw. "The prey is rich and we have enough territory to support us." The ThunderClan cats snorted.

"I wonder why you attacked ThunderClan and tried to take over our forest, then!" Bumblefoot yowled at the ShadowClan leader. More yowls and murmurs of agreements came from the rest of the ThunderClan cats.

Dapplestar and the other ShadowClan cats glared at Bumblefoot, but he seemed unaffected. WindClan and RiverClan cats looked surprised and started to mutter things to themselves, clearing not knowing there was any violence between ThunderClan and ShadowClan going on.

Sunstar had a smug expression on his face as Dapplestar looked back at him, wanting him to tell his warrior to be quiet. Being stubborn, Sunstar declined.

"Is this true, Dapplestar?" Kestrelstar questioned. His ears were perked with interest.

"That is none of WindClan's business!" Dapplestar snapped. Hisses came from the WindClan cats.

"Fine, let me ask, then," Splashstar repeated the WindClan leader's question, "Is this true, Dapplestar?"

Dapplestar growled and stacked back to the end of her branch. Skypaw glanced at the ShadowClan cats next to her. They all looked humiliated at their leader's performance. Even Ratscar was staring at his paws, his ears flat against his head.

Clearing his throat, Sunstar took his time to stand and get to the end of his own branch. Answering the questions of the other two leaders, he meowed, "Yes, it is true. They even used their medicine cats to get into the heart of the battle to heal our warriors, and to get ours away from ca-"

*"Nonsense!"* Nightflare's loud hiss startled the cats of all the Clans. Even Sunstar was caught off guard. Nightflare's pelt was spiked, as was Hawkspirit's. Both ShadowClan medicine cats looked angry, and as Skypaw glanced around, she noticed even the medicine cats of RiverClan and WindClan were on their paws, tails lashing.

"We did no such thing!" Hawkspirit spat. "Medicine cats are beyond the warrior code!"

"Sunstar," Sageleaf cleared her throat. "Not to be rude, but you are a mousebrain for exiling your only medicine cat. Not only is she your healer, to keep cats strong, but she is your only open window to StarClan. How will your Clan receive warnings? How will your-"

"Sageleaf," Kestrelstar's voice came out as a warning.

"Kestrelstar," Sageleaf snapped.

"Sageleaf is right," Aquamist spoke up. "StarClan will punish you for this mistake if you do not fix it."

Splashstar decided to get involved. "This is nonsense! Sunstar, find your medicine cat or we will attack your Clan and make you learn what life is like without Willowleaf!"

Shocked murmurs came from all the Clan cats. *Attacking a Clan when they have no healer?* Skypaw thought to herself, astonished. *Although, that is Splashstar's point.*

Skypaw noticed the ThunderClan leader shifted on his paws. His green eyes no longer were lit with fire, but with worry. Now that a

threat was thrown at him and he had no way to heal his warriors, ThunderClan was doomed.

The medicine cats started to chant, "Let Willowleaf back! Let Willowleaf back!"

Hawkspirit chanted the loudest, his eyes sparkling as they caught Skypaw's. Deciding to be brave, she took a deep breath and let her voice start to ring, the first of her Clan to do so. "Let Willowleaf back! Let Willowleaf back!" She yowled at the top of her lungs.

Rainpaw quickly joined in, followed by Shadepaw. Skypaw was surprised, because Shadepaw took part in the patrol that had exiled the tortoiseshell she-cat. She defended Sunstar's decision eating fresh kill one time, too.

Russetsky, sitting in between Moondust, the ShadowClan deputy and Bluefire, the RiverClan deputy, howled to get her medicine cat back. Before long, even Sparkfur, the WindClan deputy, was cheering. The Clans were repeating the words of the medicine cats, and Skypaw's throat started to hurt.

Sunstar just stared. He shot Splashstar and Kestrelstar a glare when they started to support the medicine cats' arguement, but that didn't stop them. Dapplestar, however, just stayed silent, her eyes unreadable.

"Fine!" Sunstar hissed. "Willowleaf is allowed back in ThunderClan!"

**Sorry, late update!**

**However, this is almost 1,000 words longer than a normal chapter :o**

**Will Willowleaf get to stay? And was it wise to tell the other medicine cats about the prophecy?**

**Also, in case you guys forgot, but back when Skypaw first met Hawkspirit, it was right before the battle with ShadowClan. His name was Hawkpaw at the time, and his appearance was written as a shadowy tom. I decided to make his eyes dark blue, like Rainpaw's almost (whose look like the lake).**

**Anways, I guess you could say he looks like Russetsky or Shadepaw, only I envision his pelt very dark gray, almost black, like a shadow. You can really only tell it's gray when he stands in the light, VS Russetsky and Shadepaw are a visable gray.**

**Thanks for reading. XD I see some of you are already suspecting something between Skypaw and the ShadowClan medicine cat. It entertained me to read them. Comment predictions :D**

***Note* I didn't proof read the ending of this chapter so if you find any mistakes, I apologize!**

# Chapter 31

Cheers of joy erupted from the clearing. Skypaw found it surprising when she saw even some ShadowClan cats were cheering, including WindClan and RiverClan. Of course, however, the most cries of victory came from the ThunderClan cats themselves.

"ThunderClan, we're leaving!" Sunstar hissed. Skypaw could see the humiliation in his eyes. When she glanced up at the sky, the stars were twinkling a little more, and the moon was shining just a little brighter. StarClan had wanted Willowleaf to return.

Skypaw thought about how fortunate they had been. Despite the two battles that had struck ThunderClan within four moons, none had occured without Willowleaf. Unless Splashstar had continued with her threat, that is. There was no need, now.

ThunderClan cats rose to their paws, their heads and tails held high with purrs escaping their throats. She was about to follow her Clanmates right to the fallen tree with pride, but she remembered she hadn't said goodbye to a certain cat.

*Hawkspirit!*

Whipping around, she saw a confused glance aimed her way from Jaysoul. Shrugging him off, she bolted back to the medicine cats. Being polite, the first thing she said came out as a purr, "Thank you!"

The cats of healing purred back at her, their eyes shining. "StarClan never wanted Willowleaf to leave, it was just our job to get her back." Sageleaf meowed.

Skypaw touched noses in goodbye with Silverpaw, promising to talk to her the next gathering. Exchanging a few kind words with Sageleaf and Aquamist, she turned to the ShadowClan cats.

Clear surprise erupted from Skypaw as she saw Hawkspirit was

already staring at her. He hadn't been chatting with the other cats that had followed the same path as him, but instead, his gaze seemed to be stuck on her fur. Embarrassment sparked from her pelt. What if she had ruffled fur? Or a muddy tail?

"Uh," Hawkspirit finally stuttered. "Skypaw, can I..talk to you?" He asked, tearing his gaze from Skypaw and aiming it at his paws.

"Of course," Skypaw replied. She could visably see the relief when Hawkspirit sighed and relaxed his shoulders.

Padding a few steps away, Hawkspirit looked at her and asked, "C-could we maybe meet here tomorrow?" When Skypaw didn't reply, Hawkspirit quickly added on, "You know, to talk with you about the prophecy and such."

Skypaw's ears burned with embarrassment, an emotion she was not too fond of. He knew about the prophecy! Would he not be her friend anymore? Would he stay away from her?

*I can't let that happen!*

Skypaw took a few more moments to reply. Seeing the ShadowClan medicine cat apprentice get more and more uneasy as each of the moments went by, she saw no other choice than to agree. "Sure," She meowed. Hawkspirit's eyes brightened.

"Very well," He meowed, touching noses with her in a friendly gesture. "Make sure no cat knows you're coming here. I don't know how our Clans would react. I'll be here at moonhigh."

Skypaw nodded. She had met up with cats at the Gathering island at night before, why would this time be any different?

"Skypaw!" Skypaw turned and saw Bramblefrost waiting at the fallen tree. He was the only ThunderClan cat there, and the WindClan cats looked irritated as they waited for Bramblefrost to get out of the way.

Panicking, she quickly meowed, "I got to go, see you tomorrow." to Hawkspirit before bolting up to her father. Bramblefrost's ice blue eyes were narrowed in disapproval of getting carried away with

chatting. He had to hold up a whole Clan because of her!

Skypaw muttered an apology to Kestrelstar. However, unlike the rest of his Clan, his eyes sparkled with amusement. "Don't worry about it. It's no problem, Bramblefrost," The WindClan leader added when he saw Bramblefrost start to protest.

Skypaw leaped onto the fallen tree and bolted across it, Bramblefrost on her tail. Feeling the weight of the log shift as the WindClan cats started to pile on, Skypaw leaped down and sprinted to where the back of the ThunderClan patrol was. Finding herself behind Duskwave, she heard Bramblefrost speak to her.

"That was unacceptable, no matter what Kestrelstar says," He lectured. "Don't let that happen again. No conversation with a ShadowClan cat could be that important."

*But it was!* Skypaw hissed to herself.

"Sorry," Skypaw meowed as her tail dropped in the dust. "Was it so wrong to thank him for starting the cheers to get our medicine cat back?"

She could feel the energy in the air soften a little. She could tell she had made her father reconsider his thoughts, and better yet, she wasn't completely lying. She had gone over there in the first place to thank the medicine cats.

Okay, so maybe that wasn't her intention when she bolted over there, but she had done it.

"That was very thoughtful of you," Bramblefrost meowed after awhile, his tone soft. "But we kept three Clans waiting." Skypaw had only looked at WindClan. Her pelt burned when she realized RiverClan and ShadowClan had probably gathered behind the speedy cats.

"I said sorry," Skypaw rolled her eyes, thankful her father couldn't see her.

~*~

As soon as Skypaw padded into camp, she made her way to the nursery. Featherfur had finally moved in there, almost a moon after Bumblefoot had told her to. Growing more plump by the day, Skypaw awaited the arrival of the kits she knew she would adore so much.

"Featherfur?" Skypaw waited outside the nursery as she called a greeting to her friend.

"Come in!" Featherfur chirped. She knew the ThunderClan queen was bored in the nursery alone. Hopefully that would change when her kits arrived.

Ducking her head through the curtain of lichen, she found Featherfur sitting up, her eyes sparkling with excitement and expectant. When Skypaw didn't say anything, she meowed, like it was obvious, "What happened at the Gathering?"

"It was probably the most exciting one yet," Skypaw replied.

"Figures, I had to miss it!" Featherfur lightly smacked the fresh moss below her with her paw in frustration. "What happened?" Skypaw couldn't remember if Russetsky had allowed Featherfur to come before she had became too plump to go.

"Dapplestar said they had enough territory to support them, so then Bumblefoot called out, 'I wonder why you tried to take over our forest, then!' to-"

Skypaw was cut off when Featherfur's eyes lit up at the mention of her mate. "Protesting a leader in the middle of her report at a Gathering? He's so brave!" She squealed. Skypaw didn't think so, but she didn't say that to her friend.

"Yeah...anyways, Kestrelstar and Splashstar both asked if it was true, and then Sunstar answered. He explained his theory of ShadowClan using their medicine cats against us, and then Nightflare and Hawkspirit called him out for it. Sageleaf gave reasons why we would suffer and Aquamist agreed, Splashstar even threa-"

"Threatening us? Dear StarClan! What about my kits?" Featherfur wailed. Skypaw wanted to slam her head against the nursery wall for being interrupted yet again. Featherfur had turned into one of those overprotective mothers already, and her kits hadn't even been born!

"Let me finish, will you?" Skypaw snapped. Featherfur murmured an apology before Skypaw continued. "Splashstar threatened to attack us to show us what life was like without a healer, then Sunstar gave in and said Willowleaf was allowed back in ThunderClan. I suspect it was purely out of humiliation," Skypaw decided to leave out the cheers. The story she had given Featherfur made her leader, whom she disliked, sound much more vulnerable.

"Woah," Featherfur's eyes were as wide as the moon. "So where is she? I was dreading giving birth to these kits without a medicine cat." Skypaw rolled her eyes. *Blah blah blah, my kits, blah blah!* She thought to herself.

"I suspect Sunstar will announce his plan tomorrow." Skypaw predicted. "It's been a long day."

Featherfur nodded. Skypaw climbed her paws, not even realizing she had sat down. Dismissing herself, she meowed, "I better go. I have to train tomorrow."

Featherfur nodded once more in agreement. "Thank you for telling me. Tell Bumblefoot to come to the nursery if you see him, please."

Skypaw said that she would before exiting the den. Finding the striped warrior in the clearing, she meowed, "Featherfur wants to see you."

"Is she okay?" Bumblefoot's eyes widened with alarm. Again, Skypaw thought that nursery wall would be a nice place to slam her head into.

"Yes, she just wants to talk." She replied before making her way into the apprentice den.

Taking her usual place next to Rainpaw, she curled up, her tail

neatly wrapping around her and resting on her nose. Closing her eyes, she slowly let herself drift into a welcomed sleep.

**Hawkspirit said whhattt? XD**

**I saw some fan interaction in the comments on one of my chapters. People started replying to other people's comments, and that made my day to know people are actually discussing my book. :D**

**Comment and vote below! I wrote this chapter in twenty minutes, so I'll hopefully be able to update one more time today.**

# Chapter 32

Skypaw was surprised when she woke up on her own instead of Hazelflower's voice. She was well rested, despite the Gathering from the night before.

Both of her sisters were absent from the apprentices' den. Even stranger, when Skypaw ducked out into the clearing, it was completely silent.

Instead of the normal cat on guard, mentors calling their apprentices, and the deputy hollering orders, the camp was empty. Or so Skypaw thought.

A few moments after gazing around the ghost-town of a camp, Skypaw's eyes caught ahold of a pelt sitting on the Highrock. Much to Skypaw's surprise, the cat wasn't looking at her. Instead, its sandy colored muzzle was raised to the sky.

When Skypaw emerged from the apprentices' den fully and cautiously, the cat seemed to have caught her scent. Its head slowly slowered down to her, and Skypaw wondered how she had missed the stars in this cat's pelt when she first looked at this mysterious cat. More importantly, how she had missed the cat's identity?

"Skypaw," The familiar voice spoke out to her. This cat's green eyes were filled with warning.

"Sandstar!" Skypaw called out, more excitedly than she would like. "What happened to ThunderClan? Why are you here?"

Amusement rose in Sandstar's emerald eyes. "You're dreaming, young one." Skypaw flinched. No cat usually called her 'young one'. Was this some sort of joke? "Nothing happened to ThunderClan. This is just the setting of your dream."

"Why are you here?" Skypaw repeated her third question, taking a step closer to the cat who acted as her grandmother.

"To warn you," The warning in the former ThunderClan leader's eyes shone more brightly, giving off more of the warning affect that Skypaw had detected before.

"To warn me?" Skypaw echoed. "About?" There were no problems in ThunderClan! They had just gotten their medicine cat back!

*"The spirit of the hawk has more than one intention, Skypaw. Be careful, and don't let him fail you."* Sandstar spoke slowly and clearly, as if Skypaw needed to comprehend every word. However, Skypaw understood none of it.

"What does that mean?" She called out. "I know Willowleaf is back, but it's going to take forever for her to tell me what this means!"

Sandstar purred, trying to give off comfort. It did little for Skypaw's hectic thoughts. "This is not for Willowleaf to know. It involves you and only you, and this is a warning for an event only you know of."

With that, the former ThunderClan leader faded from sight. Despite Skypaw's yowls of protests, for her to come back and speak to her, eventually the whole camp faded from Skypaw's dream.

~*~

"Skypaw!" Skypaw snapped awake to the usual voice of Hazelflower. *That's more like it.*

Rainpaw and Shadepaw were both stirring from their sleep. Skypaw could hear the quiet murmurs of the awakening cats in camp, and Russetsky was faintly calling out patrols.

"Stormpelt, take Duskwave, Petalheart, and Rainpaw to patrol the borders," Skypaw ducked out of the nursery in time to see Stormpelt nod his head and flick his tail to gather his patrol. Skypaw's mother continued, "Bumblefoot, take Flowermoon and Blizzardfur to the WindClan border to hunt."

Bumblefoot nodded and brushed pelts with Featherfur at the fresh kill pile. They had been sharing a mouse, but Featherfur didn't hesitate to eat the rest of it herself now that she had more mouths to feed instead of just her own.

Gathering his patrol, Bumblefoot followed Stormpelt as cats headed out of camp to complete their morning tasks. Skypaw padded up to Hazelflower.

"Aren't you excited?" Hazelflower squealed.

Skypaw looked at her blankly and blinked. "Uh..yeah?"

"Only two more moons until your warrior ceremony!" Hazelflower meowed like it was obvious. *It's almost like she wants to get rid of me...* Skypaw thought. *Or she's just being a good mentor, as always, and being happy for me.* She went with option two.

"Yay!" Skypaw meowed, sincerely meaning it. When she was a warrior, she could lead her own patrols, have a unique name, find a mate and have kits, train an apprentice and maybe even be deputy. If StarClan wanted her to, she could follow the path that her mother and her foster grandmother had.

And maybe, just maybe, the prophecy that haunts her at night would finally be behind her.

Speaking of prophecy, she had to meet Hawkspirit tonight. Refusing to listen to Sandstar, she threw her 'warning' away. If she wasn't going to explain it to her, why should she listen in the first place? She had training to do, she couldn't waste time thinking about a few words that don't even matter!

Pretending she had an undisturbed sleep, she followed Hazelflower out of camp. They were going hunting, despite Russetsky telling them that the prey was plentiful and that they didn't have to. Skypaw didn't feel like battling, her limbs were being worked too hard. Besides, Featherfur had told her that they access cats on hunting for their warrior assessments, so Skypaw wanted as much practice as she could get.

Pausing her trek through the woods, she heard a bird call. Gazing up in a tree, she saw a plump blackbird. Licking her lips, she leaped on the tree as quietly as she could. Since this technique was one she had learned not too long ago, her claws still sent pieces of bark falling down the tree as she gripped the trunk. Thankfully, the

blackbird didn't seem to notice.

Slowly making her way up there, she ignored the pain in her claws. Creeping onto a branch that was just below the one the blackbird was perched on, she crouched. Putting all of her strength into her hind legs, she leaped.

She felt relief when her front paws gripped the branch she was aiming for. However, the blackbird let out an alarm call. "Mousedung!" She muttered. She drew in a gasp when she looked down and realized how high she had climbed.

As the branch her front paws gripped on started to shake, Skypaw's eyes widened. Trying to find a safe way back to the base of the tree, she let out an ear splitting shriek as the branch broke, plummeting down to the forest floor.

The wind was knocked out of her as she fell through the air, watching the ground approach. Not daring to look down and bracing for the pain, one thing she didn't expect struck her.

Out of all the theories she was expecting, all of them were wrong. She managed to hear just a loud thud and the cry of Hazelflower before everything went black.

**Comment and vote! I saw more fan interaction last chapter and I smiled while reading them!**

**Sorry, this isn't well written. It's late and I'm tired.**

**What will happen now?**

# Chapter 33

***Hawkspirit's POV***

Hawkspirit climbed to his paws groggily. The scent of fresh herbs drifted to his nostrils, causing him to breathe in deeply. He would never get tired of the plants that could save cats' lives.

Glancing over at Nightflare, her black pelt shone in the moonlight. He had gone to sleep early, making sure he was fully energized to meet Skypaw.

The prophecy still echoed in his mind, and the seriousness Willowleaf had explained it came along with the memory. Her amber eyes shone with certainty, as if every word she was saying she knew was true, and it surprised Hawkspirit even more when he found out that Skypaw knew that she was the subject of it.

Well, *half* the subject, that is.

How could she act like she was any normal apprentice? Surely it was almost impossible, StarClan had chosen her as if they would a medicine cat to save the Clan. It was almost like she had the best of both worlds, being a warrior *and* a medicine cat.

Hawkspirit, being a new fully trained medicine cat, had never recieved a prophecy for ShadowClan. He knew he should be feeling blessed, that despite Dapplestar's horrid fascination with wanting ShadowClan blood out of ThunderClan, StarClan had not taken punishment upon them. However, he knew that time of well being in ShadowClan was running out.

Glancing one more time at Nightflare, making sure she was soundly asleep, he erupted silently from the medicine den. The only cat awake was Frosttail, guarding camp once again. He didn't know why, but the snowy warrior always volunteered to do this task that most warriors despised.

"Frosttail," He meowed a greeting. Frosttail's eyes lit up with curiosity.

"Hawkspirit?" She replied. "Shouldn't you be asleep?"

"I can't sleep, so I'm going to go out and gather some herbs. Nightflare will be happy when she wakes."

Frosttail nodded. "If you want, I could go with you. It's not safe wandering around the territory alone at night, especially since those ThunderClan cats showed up." She snickered. "Monsters? They barely reached the brink of our territory!"

"It was a warning," Hawkspirit snapped. When Frosttail seemed surprised at his tone, he quickly added, "We tried to take over their forest. They should have left us to die, because we both know that's what Dapplestar would have decided to do. They're nice cats,"

"Nice? How were they supposed to know that a monster was coming? They were on our territory!" Frosttail retorted.

"You were at the Gathering," Hawkspirit fought back. "Willowleaf was exiled. Skypaw was trying to get her back,"

"Whatever," Frosttail spat. "I will never be fond of the mangy ThunderClan. I mean, they were named after a Thunderpath! Those things contain monsters and are *evil!* It only makes sense that they're evil too."

"If that's what you want to tell the kits in the nursery," Hawkspirit glared. "Go ahead. But, don't forget, when you die you're going to see ThunderClan cats in StarClan."

Without saying another word, Hawkspirit pushed past her through the tunnel. His paws sank into the familiar paw prints of all the cats that lived here before him, and it reminded him of the Moonpool. It was one of his favorite places in the world, where he could feel the icy water on his nose and sleep by its shore, awaiting StarClan's arrival in his dream.

Looking back to make sure Frosttail wasn't watching him, he bolted through the marsh. Trained paws easily glided across the squishy

substance where warriors caught frogs as he stopped dead on his paws. A frog was looking up at him, but this wasn't any other old creature.

Carefully sniffing at it, the scent of ThunderClan drifted to his nose. However, that wasn't all he scented. He inhaled deeply and closed his eyes peacefully as Skypaw's scent traveled from the frog. It was stale, and judging by the mixture that he was smelling, Willowleaf had been here as well. Knowing the curious apprentice, she had probably stopped to look at the slimy green creature that are absent in ThunderClan territory.

Bolting off again, he dropped Skypaw from his mind. Knowing he was going to meet the silver apprentice, he knew he had to keep his thoughts straight. Skypaw had hesitated when she agreed to meet him here, and he prayed to StarClan she would show up.

He *had* to keep his focus, because it was almost impossible not to get lost in those sky blue eyes.

***Skypaw's POV***

Skypaw groaned as she opened her eyes. Her vision was blurry and it felt as if her brain was pounding against her skull, the ache was almost unbearable. However, despite her lack of vision, she could tell she was in the medicine den. Hope rose in her when she realized Willowleaf could be back, where she belonged, but breathing through her nose she caught no sign of the, once again, ThunderClan medicine cat.

"She's awake!" Skypaw hadn't even realized there were other cats in the den. The chirp of the cat who had first spoken was undoubtedly Hazelflower, and before long her mentor's hazel eyes were hovering over her, along with two sets of blue eyes that belonged to her mother and father.

"Skypaw, are you okay?" Bramblefrost's voice was filled with worry. Skypaw could tell he had been panicking, and she wondered how long she was out.

"I think so," Skypaw croaked. She felt the warm rasp of her mother's

tongue glide across her ear.

"We thought you had died," Russetsky fretted. "The whole Clan was in a frenzy. Featherfur made Bumblefoot go out and catch you the biggest mouse in the forest. Hazelflower had been watching you hunt, and she saw you fall. After seeing you had blacked out, she ran back to camp screeching like a dying bird." The last sentence was filled with amusement.

"Hey!" Hazelflower playfully retorted. "She's my apprentice, I'm going to take care of her." Skypaw's heart warmed.

"Where's Willowleaf?" Skypaw's throat burned, but she didn't care.

"Sunstar set out patrols of cats to go find her," Russetsky replied. "He was orginally going to go alert the other Clans to keep an eye out for her and to send her back to camp tomorrow, but then you got hurt."

"Rainpaw and Shadepaw have been begging to see you," Bramblefrost added. "Russetsky wouldn't let them. It's already crowded between the four of us in here, and I know Willowleaf would only allow two cats, if not one."

Skypaw murmured something in reply. They were all telling her things she didn't care about, she wanted to know how long she had been out and if they had found any sign of Willowleaf. She had just seen her at the Gathering, she couldn't be that far away!

Suddenly, a thought hit her.

*Hawkspirit! I have to meet him!*

**Sorry, no cliffhanger today. :(**

**I really want to know how you guys liked Hawkspirit's POV. I'm debating if I should do it on a regular basis, or if I should just stick to Skypaw's POV as I did this far into the book.**

**Also, only one person commented last chapter on the Announcement :( I was hoping for more of a turn out, but at least I got some of you to tell me what you prefer on Shadecraft**

**today.**

**THANK YOU FOR 2K VIEWS!**

**Comment, I need feedback! Thanks!**

# Chapter 34

**Thank you all for commenting what you think! Here's more from Hawkspirit. :)**

***Hawkspirit's POV***

Hawkspirit waited patiently in the middle of the clearing of the Gathering island. As the moments ticked on, the more disappointment coursed through him. Skypaw wouldn't show up after all.

He stared at his paws. How could he have been such a fool? Skypaw was an apprentice, she had training to do. ThunderClan's camp must be guarded, and how would she escape?

He was about to get up and gather some herbs on his way back to camp when he heard footsteps coming through the weeds. Turning around hopefully, he was surprised when it wasn't a silver tabby pelt bolting towards him, but a tortoiseshell one.

"Willowleaf?" He meowed, clearly surprised.

"Hawkspirit," She replied, her tone the same. "What are you doing here?"

"What are *you* doing here?" Hawkspirit retorted. "I thought you were allowed back in ThunderClan?"

"I am," She meowed. "Just trying to get some herbs from Aquamist and Silverpaw for Skypaw's wounds."

Hawkspirit's eyes widened as wide as the moon. His fur was spiked up in worry and his ears flattened, his tail lashing and his voice was hetic. "Skypaw's hurt? What happened?"

"Calm down, will you?" Willowleaf looked at the shadowy tom up and down. "She's going to be fine."

"What happened?" Hawkspirit repeated. Willowleaf's eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"She fell from the Sky Oak trying to catch a bird," She meowed slowly. "That's why you're here, aren't you? To meet Skypaw?"

Hawkspirit looked away. Now what? Would Willowleaf tell Sunstar? Would Skypaw get in trouble?

"You can tell me, Hawkspirit." Willowleaf took a step closer. "We're medicine cats. Your secrets are safe with me. I wouldn't mess with Skypaw's future, we both know what she's involved in."

"Yes," The ShadowClan medicine cat's voice was filled with shame.

"You sound guilty," Willowleaf's voice was full of alarm. "Why were you going to meet here?"

"To talk about the prophecy," Hawkspirit ignored how lame his excuse sounded.

Willowleaf snorted with disbelief. "Sure," She meowed sarcastically.

"It's true," Hawkspirit shot back. Willowleaf's eyes were trained in thought as she stared into his eyes. Feeling uncomfortable, he moved away. "What are you doing?"

"Nothing," Willowleaf meowed quickly, ignoring him. "I got to go back to camp."

"How long have you been back?" He meowed, curiously.

"This morning, when Bumblefoot's patrol found me on the outskirts of ThunderClan territory. I know they've been searching for me for over a day, but they'd just throw me out again if they knew I attended that Gathering and then just randomly showed up at camp."

Hawkspirit nodded in understanding. "But what if Skypaw died in that time?" As Willowleaf looked at him sharply, he quickly added on, "Bumblefoot says Featherfur is close to having kits, too?"

"Yes," Willowleaf meowed. "I haven't seen her since the first moon or so, but her final days before her kits come are wrapping up. It's a good thing, too, because ThunderClan needs new warriors. Skypaw and her littermates are the only apprentices and they'll become warriors soon, not to mention there are no born kits."

Hawkspirit nodded. ShadowClan was lucky, they had an abundance of appentices and Ferntail had just given birth to Cedarfrost's kits.

"I should get going," Willowleaf meowed. She started to pad off and then turned around. "Skypaw isn't going to be able to meet you here, by the way."

***Skypaw's POV***

When Willowleaf returned from camp, Skypaw's spirits lifted. The two she-cats had had alone time when Willowleaf first returned with Bumblefoot and his patrol, and the ThunderClan medicine cat had kicked Skypaw's visitors out to go do their normal warrior duties. Skypaw was still unable to talk to her sisters, and she was dreading the night sleeping without the comfort of her familiar nest and Rainpaw's warm fur against hers.

As Skypaw called out a friendly greeting to the cat she had befriended due to the prophecy, she was surprised when Willowleaf just looked at her. Skypaw widened her eyes, thinking she had done something wrong.

"I stayed in my nest like you told me to," Skypaw meowed quickly. Willowleaf shook her head as if to clear it and replied.

"I hear you were going to meet Hawkspirit?" Willowleaf meowed, not too loud that the cats in camp would hear.

Skypaw's heart dropped to her stomach. Her mouth opened to protest, but no words came out. She knew there was no use lying to a medicine cat, she always found things out. "Yes," Skypaw whispered.

"You need to be careful!" Willowleaf hissed.

"Why?" Skypaw sat up straighter as she protested. "He's a medicine

cat, what's he going to do, murder me? You're the one that told him the prophecy!"

"StarClan wanted them to know!" Willowleaf retorted.

"That's what we were going to talk about, the *prophecy,*" Skypaw spat. Willowleaf didn't say anything, just shook her head.

"He's no good for you," Willowleaf whispered.

"What do you mean?" Skypaw questioned, tilting her head.

"A twisted fate just had to put a burden on you, Skypaw," Willowleaf whispered, her voice as quiet as if she was verbally stalking a mouse. "Bigger than it would have been before."

**Uhm, Willowleaf, what is that supposed to mean?**

**Short chapter, this was just a good place to stop.**

**Another Hawk and Sky POV chapter, or just go back to Sky? I must know so I can plot what's going to happen in Hawkspirit's POV. :3**

**Thanks for reading, vote, comment predictions and I'm going to be on Shadecraft!**

**Also, I kinda think Featherfur's expectant  days kinda flew by, but I wasn't sure how long they should last. So I googled it and cats usually give birth after two months (moons) and Bumblefoot and her have been mates for quite awhile, I decided now that Willowleaf was back it would be a good idea.**

**I already have the future of one of Featherfur's kits planned out, MWHAHAHAH.**

**Expect more updates for today.**

# Chapter 35

"Willowleaf, please tell me what you mean!" Skypaw begged. She had to know!

She's had enough of all the riddles that are the prophecies that shape the Clans. She's had enough of all the secrets and hard to figure out words, she's had enough of being clueless for so long. If what contains in these prophecies is important, you'd think they would be straight forward!

"Skypaw," Willowleaf's voice finally came from the herb storage rock. "Go to sleep."

"Willowleaf," Skypaw retorted. "No. I'm not tired, and all of my scratches have healed. Why can't I at least go walk around camp? I need to talk to my littermates!"

"I told you, you have a concussion," Willowleaf's tone was flat. "You have to wait until it's healed. It's a very dangerous thing to have, you fell from a tree and landed on the gr-"

"I need to talk to my littermates!" Skypaw repeated. "Can't I at least go get my own fresh kill?"

"Skypaw," The ThunderClan medicine cat sighed. "I know you're going to leave camp."

"What?" Skypaw's voice was bewildered. Her? Leaving camp? She wasn't that disobedient!

"You want to go meet Hawkspirit." Willowleaf replied as if it was obvious.

"Willowleaf!" Skypaw rolled her eyes. "How many times do I have to say I won't go see him? I never did, only when he's in our territory and I did my place as a warrior would have done. Hazelflower, Petalheart, and Flarecloud were watching me! Not to mention

Gather-"

"Go to sleep." Willowleaf's meow was defeated.

Sighing loudly, Skypaw rested her head on her paws. Willowleaf's rules were pointless, her head didn't even hurt! She just doesn't trust her, and Skypaw's heart ached with the fact that she had betrayed her friend's trust without even doing the action to do so.

~*~

"Willowleaf!" Skypaw shot up as her sleep was disrupted when a yowl burst through the clearing. She was surprised that she had managed to fall asleep so quickly being in the medicine den, and peaking out of the split rock, she saw it was moonrise.

Willowleaf was on her paws within seconds, grabbing two pre-made bundles of herbs. Skypaw was instantly alert, looking at the tortoiseshell she-cat expectantly. "What are those? Who are they for?"

Just then, the pain filled yowl of a familiar cat echoed throughout the clearing. Skypaw immediately heard dens rustle and whispers between cats as she realized what was happening.

"Featherfur," Willowleaf's voice was muffled as she made her way to the entrance of her den. "Her kits are coming. I knew they would be any day, so I made these before I went to sleep."

Skypaw was on her paws within moments, quickly being hissed at. "Skypaw, lay back down!"

Before Willowleaf could go on about how Skypaw had a concussion yet again, a striped head peaked into the den. His fur was panicked and his eyes were filled with fear. "Willowleaf, Featherfur's-"

"I know," Willowleaf meowed. Bumblefoot moved out of the way as Willowleaf ducked out of the den, following the striped warrior and ordering him to wait outside.

Skypaw wanted to go sleep off the wait until the little bundles of fur were born, but a familiar black pelt bolted into the den, her hazel

eyes filled with excitement. "Featherfur's-"

"Kits are coming!" The two she-cats said in unison.

"How are you holding up?" Hazelflower asked, sitting down next to her apprentice's nest.

"It's so boring!" Skypaw complained. "She won't even let me stand up! I have two moons until my warrior ceremony, I got to get out of camp and trai-" Skypaw was cut off by a comforting reply.

"It's all going to work out, Skypaw." Hazelflower meowed softly. "You're a fantastic hunter, most apprentices wouldn't have even dared to go climb the Sky Oak, let alone hunt a bird from it."

"I didn't realize it was the Sky Oak," Skypaw admitted. "I just wanted to hunt. I don't know what I'll do if Rainpaw and Shadepaw are made warriors and I'm not, I'll be the only apprentice."

Hazelflower nodded in understanding. "Very rarely does a ThunderClan apprentice not pass, Skypaw. We're too smart for failing." Her mentor's eyes glistened with amusement, and Skypaw let out a purr.

~*~

The two she-cats had joked around for what seemed like eternity, talking about Clan issues and joking around. Sharing secrets and laughs, Skypaw had even learned that Hazelflower had a soft spot for Firesoul. Skypaw was genuinely surprised, for Hazelflower did a wonderful job of hiding her secrets.

Cats had commented to both of them before on how they acted as if they were littermates, how close the mentor and apprentice were as friends. Skypaw didn't mind, she had seemed to develop friendships with cats she had never expected. Between Appleleaf and Willowleaf, including Hazelflower and Featherfur, she wasn't as lonely as she had thought after all.

Skypaw tried to ignore the growls and screeches of Featherfur as she bore her first litter of kits to Bumblefoot, but it was almost impossible to do so. Between the silver warrior, the splintering

cracks of twigs as she snapped them with her jaws and Bumblefoot's paws pounding around camp as he paced back and forth, Skypaw wished she didn't have ears.

"What do you think she'll name them?" Hazelflower asked.

"Well, I for one would name the she-cats Hazelkit and Skykit," Skypaw purred. Hazelflower nodded agreement.

"If there's a tom, maybe Firekit?" She questioned, her eyes glimmering as she spoke about the cat she had grown to adore. "Speaking of which," She added. "Who have you got the butterflies for?"

Skypaw's mind seemed to zoom to ShadowClan, but she shook her head to clear it. She was probably just thinking about how Ratscar most likely would never have a mate!

Thinking long and hard, she found it was impossible to like any ThunderClan cat. There were a few young warriors, such as Berrypelt or Mousetail, but Skypaw could never even imagine herself talking to Berrypelt. She wouldn't dare go after Mousetail, knowing how he links to Sunstar and the murder of Moonfur.

There were no tom apprentices, so Skypaw was kind of left in the dark. She figured one of her pretty littermates would snatch the toms before she got a chance to even get to know them anyways, so she shrugged off Hazelflower's question.

"Come on, there has to be some cat, Skypaw," Hazelflower encouraged.

As much as Skypaw wanted to deny it, she couldn't ignore the way her heart throbbed as her mind drifted back over the ShadowClan border for the second time within a few moments.

**Warning: A tiny time fast forward will occur next chapter. Nothing major, but just a heads up. I want to speed things along to the next Gathering.**

# Chapter 36

Skypaw purred as she was tackled by four tiny bodies. Sharp, tiny claws dug into her pelt as Featherfur's litter climbed her like a tree, but she didn't care.

The night Featherfur gave birth to her four lovely kits, Skypaw begged Willowleaf to see them. Willowleaf refused, and much to Skypaw's annoyance, kicked Hazelflower out of the medicine den. What Skypaw had felt that night still confused her, so she pushed it to the back of her mind.

Willowleaf had reluctantly released Skypaw from her care a few days later, and Skypaw visited her friend in the nursery alone. Willowleaf had said that Featherfur was a real trooper, that four kits and a long, painful birth didn't stop her. The ThunderClan medicine cat said that if the silver warrior didn't have enough strength that she most likely would have died, taking the kits to StarClan's ranks with her.

Bumblefoot and Featherfur's four kits, three she-kits and a tom, were warm-heartedly welcomed to the Clan. The only cat that hadn't seen the four new bundles of fur before Skypaw had was Sunstar, and Skypaw knew he most likely wouldn't even give them a second thought until they were six moons.

The two mates had selected names for their litter. The first born being a cream colored tom with black stripes, looking almost exactly like his father. He took on his mother's blue eyes, and he had been given the name of Brackenkit.

The next kit that had been born was a cream colored she-kit with white dappled paws, ears and tail tip. With piercing amber eyes, Skypaw couldn't believe how brightly they shone when they were in the sunshine. Featherfur had picked out the name Amberkit for her first born daughter.

The next she-kit that was born inherited her father's cream colored

fur with two of her siblings, only her left hind paw and her tail tip were black. She had brilliant bright green eyes that reminded Skypaw of Sandstar's. Bumblefoot had picked out the name of Brightkit.

Last but not least, the smallest kit that had almost died along with her mother had Featherfur's silver pelt. However, instead of tabby stripes, she had black spots, even on her ears. With dark blue eyes almost like Rainpaw's, the two mates had decided on the name Spottedkit.

*Brackenkit, Amberkit, Brightkit, and Spottedkit,* Skypaw thought to herself. She wouldn't have been able to pick out more perfect names for the Clan's newest born kits. As Skypaw thought about it, ThunderClan hadn't had any kits born in ten moons.

Skypaw hadn't talked to Hawkspirit since the last Gathering, and it was almost time for her to attend another one. Excitement wouldn't stop prickling her paws, and the Clan rejoiced even more when Flowermoon joined Featherfur in the nursery.

Skypaw had never seen Flowermoon chat with any toms, and it irritated her how queens had the right to reserve who the father of their kits were. *I suppose we'll see who the kits look like,* Skypaw thought to herself.

Featherfur's kits were strong and healthy, including their mother as well. They were a moon old already, and Russetsky was gathering patrols for the Gathering that would take place that night.

"Hah! I win! I climbed to the top of Skypaw's head first!" Brightkit hollered as she tried to keep her balance on Skypaw's head. Skypaw purred with amusement. These kits would surely have wonderful lives, Skypaw never had any fun like this in her nursery days.

"Oh, yeah?" Brackenkit challenged. Skypaw watched him put all of his strength in his hind legs before he leaped with all of his might. It took all she had not to flinch, because it looked like he was aiming for her face. She knew that he was only after where Brightkit was, and it was confirmed when she heard Brightkit's squeal as her brother leaped up next to her.

"Now I win!" Brackenkit meowed victoriously.

"It doesn't matter who wins," Amberkit declared as she sat neatly on the ground, washing her paw. Spottedkit looked at her sister for a moment.

"Yes it does," Spottedkit contradicted. "That's like saying it doesn't matter who wins in a battle!"

"It doesn't," Amberkit replied. "It just matters that all cats are okay."

"Not a bad argument, Amberkit," Willowleaf meowed as she padded up with a bundle of herbs in her mouth for Featherfur. "After all, if cats die, the battle doesn't seem won for the Clan has lost their members."

"But would you rather loose territory?" Brackenkit contradicted. Skypaw decided to chime in.

"Territory and cats are equally important," She meowed.

The kits seemed to have pointed their attention to her as Willowleaf ducked into the nursery, leaving the converstaion. "Have you ever been in a battle before, Skypaw?" Brightkit asked, still sitting on Skypaw's head as her brother fought for room to stay on.

"Yes," Skypaw meowed, her eyes shining with amusement as the kits drew in amazed gasps.

"Tell us how they went!" Spottedkit meowed.

"Which one would you like to hear, the badgers or ShadowClan?"

"Badgers? You fought badgers?" Brackenkit was on his paws now, digging his tiny claws into Skypaw's scruff, still trying to maintain his spot.

"That was my first battle," Skypaw added.

"Time to go to the Gathering!" Sunstar's deep meow rang through the clearing as he shot down the tumbled rocks. Skypaw's blood turned to ice as she realized the ThunderClan leader's claws were

unsheathed for no reason.

Tearing her eyes away for the sake of the kits, she quietly meowed, "I got to go. Go see Featherfur and I'll tell you about the badgers tomorrow," She promised.

Joining the Gathering patrol with Hazelflower, ThunderClan set off.

~*~

Skypaw's eyes were instantly scanning the clearing. As she parted her jaws and breathed in the crisp leaf-fall air, she scented RiverClan, WindClan, and most importantly, ShadowClan.

When the familiar shadowy pelt caught her eye, the familiar tom turned just in time. The two sets of blue eyes met, and Skypaw felt her skin crawl when she realized she couldn't look away.

**Heheheheheheheheheheh.**

**I bet you know where THAT'S heading.**

**Anyways, I thought I published this this morning, but apparently I didn't. O.o**

**Going shopping today, so the next update will probably come out tomorrowish.**

# Chapter 37

Skypaw's paws were leading her over to Hawkspirit before she could protest. Once she was face to face with the ShadowClan medicine cat, they touched noses in a friendly greeting.

"Skypaw!" Hawkspirit purred, his eyes shining.

"Hawkspirit," Skypaw returned the enthusiasm. "It's been ages!"

"You don't have to remind me," He replied. "Listen, Skypaw,"

"Yes?" Skypaw's pelt tingled with excitement as he lead her over to the shadows. This had to be important.

"We need to meet here tomorrow night," Hawkspirit's voice was urgent. "We really need to talk about the prophecy. I've been seeing these amber eyes everywhere I go, and they're just stalking me and that's not natura-"

Skypaw's blood turned to ice as she cut him off quickly, "Darkface," She hissed.

"Who's Darkface?" His meow was full of surprise. "You know those eyes?"

"This Dark Forest cat," Skypaw explained. She was about to explain his backstory and how he was the littermate of Willowleaf, but she cut herself off when she saw the leaders start to stand to call the Gathering.

"Cats of the Clans!" Kestrelstar yowled. The clearing fell silent, and Skypaw just decided to sit down where she was, next to Hawkspirit. Hawkspirit copied her movements, wrapping his tail neatly around his paws as he directed his attention to the Clan leaders.

"WindClan is going well!" He declared. "The prey is so plump that we sometimes run past them trying to catch them," Amusement shone in his eyes as the cats in the clearing mrrowed, reflecting his

emotion.

Skypaw gazed at the brown tom. He wasn't too young, he wasn't too old. He was the perfect age and always led his Clan wisely with always the best amount of fierceness and humor. She couldn't think of one cat who didn't like the tom that was named after a kestrel's feather.

"We have no further news, except that we are stronger than we ever have been with the sudden abundance of rabbits." Taking a step back and sitting on his branch, he nodded a polite gesture to Splashstar, who stood up.

"The first thing I would like to announce is the death of Swimear." Murmurs of grief for the death of the RiverClan elder echoed throughout the clearing. "He lived a long life, and RiverClan thanks him for his service." Splashstar waited for the voices to die down before continuing.

"Twolegs are starting to pack up and leave due to the colder weather. Leaf-fall is approaching, and we dread for when the lake freezes."

Skypaw hadn't noticed the colder weather. She had too many things on her mind to worry about a little thing like that. She had the twisted words and riddles of Willowleaf and her ancestors to figure out. How long until she was free of them?

"ShadowClan is fierce!" Dapplestar yowled. Skypaw scowled at her, not realizing Hawkspirit was a ShadowClan cat. She murmured an apology to him, but he just flicked her shoulder with his tail in acknowledgement and muttered something she couldn't make out.

"We are strong, and are ready to attack any cat who crosses our borders!" Dapplestar glared at Sunstar, who hissed at her. Yowls of protests came from ThunderClan, including Skypaw, but Hawkspirit murmured things to comfort her and she soon calmed down.

When Dapplestar was done ranting about how ShadowClan was strong, fierce, and the best Clan around the lake, Sunstar took his place at the end of ThunderClan's branch. "We have welcomed back

our medicine cat," Purrs erupted from the clearing and Willowleaf politely murmured thank-yous, despite the ThunderClan leader's flat tone. "Featherfur has given birth to four healthy kits to Bumblefoot."

The striped warrior at up straight as purrs and cheers bounced his way. He dipped his head to acknowledge them all at once, letting Sunstar continue quickly. "We too are ready to shred any cat who crosses our borders," His piercing green gaze landed on Dapplestar, who had a smirk plastered on her face as her tail lashed.

Sunstar stepped back, and Splashstar took the opportunity to yowl, "This Gathering is over!"

Skypaw's heart filled with dread. This means her time with Hawkspirit had came to an end.

"Skypaw," Hawkspirit's meow rang through her ears, something she was never tired of hearing. "Remember tomorrow. It'll be here before you know it," The ShadowClan medicine cat's tone was distant, as if he was talking to himself rather than to her.

"I know," She purred.

Turning away after a long moment, she joined her Clanmates and leaped onto the fallen branch, ThunderClan being the first to leave. Skypaw knew Sunstar always strived to appear late and leave early.

~*~

"Get out of my way!" Skypaw hissed, landing a hard blow on Rainpaw's shoulder.

"Never, WindClan scum!" Rainpaw scowled, leaping at her sister.

After ThunderClan had returned to camp after the Gathering, she went straight to her nest. She wasn't hungry, and all she wanted was her time with Hawkspirit to come quicker. Hazelflower and Petalheart had gotten Skypaw and Rainpaw up before dawn to train, Hazelflower reminding her in exactly one moon, she would become a warrior. Skypaw's paws tingled with excitement every day thinking about it, and she was sure to try and thrive as much as she

could within her last moon of training.

The three littermates all had muscles shining underneath their pelts, almost fully grown. Skypaw's head trauma was lone gone, and when she wasn't sleeping or on patrol, she begged Hazelflower to take her out. Sunstar spent most of his time in his den, only conversing with Russetsky every once in awhile.

As much as Skypaw didn't want to admit it because it was purely for training only, she disliked that she was the one who had to be a WindClan warrior. She found it hard to fight as harshly as she could when she knew if she did win, the victory would be going to 'WindClan' instead of ThunderClan. When she was being the ThunderClan cat she was, it was easier to push herself up beyond her ability.

Rainpaw's hard blows struck her face, but Skypaw managed to bite her paw lightly. Rainpaw winced, and Skypaw took this to her advantage. Leaping at her sister, she swiftly knocked her right off her paws and into the sand.

"Take that!" Skypaw hissed, placing a paw on the dark gray she-cat's throat.

"Well done," Hazelflower and Petalheart praised their apprentices well, for that was not an easily won battle. They had been at it since sunhigh, and it was almost dusk.

The littermates murmured their thank yous before heading into camp.

Grabbing a plump mouse off the fresh kill pile a few moments later, she joined Featherfur, who was sitting at the entrance to the nursery.

"Skypaw's here!" Brackenkit screeched, and all of the kits turned to look and erupted into purrs.

"Hello," Skypaw purred. *I hope I get to be one of their mentors,* She prayed to herself. *What a joy it would be!*

"Skypaw," Featherfur meowed a warm greeting right as Flowermoon

ducked out of the nursery.

Skypaw took the moment to study the tortoiseshell warrior. Her fur was longer and more matted than Willowleaf's. Skypaw wondered if the two were sisters, maybe she could be the next edition to the litter of the mysterious Darkface. Her brown eyes were definitely brown instead of an amber, and she noticed how the new queen looked just a little heavier than usual.

"Flowermoon," Skypaw dipped her head.

"Skypaw," She replied, looking away. Skypaw glared at her for a moment before turning back to the kits.

Leaning down quickly to gobble up the mouse, she took this opportunity and ducked out of camp, ready to meet the cat she had grown to like.

*As a friend.*

**Heyo! I don't know why, but it took me seven hours to write this chapter and nothing exciting even happened. Writer's block, I suppose?**

**Therefor, this chapter isn't one of the best.**

**I was wondering if I should write all of Skypaw's story in this book, or if I should make a series like Erin Hunter. Usually, it takes six books for her prophecy to resolve.**

**What do you guys want? FEEDBACK IS WANTED PRETTY PLEASE!**

**:D**

***cough cough cough* PLEASE *cough***

# Chapter 38

Skypaw sat alone on the cool grass of the Gathering island. Her paws tingled with excitement, she couldn't wait to be with Hawkspirit. Even if it was just to talk about the prophecy, something she had grown to despise.

Wind howled as it rustled the leaves of the trees. The clouds covered the moon, leaving Skypaw having trouble seeing in front of her own paws in the darkness as her eyes adjusted to the lack of light.

She sighed. Stale scents of all four Clans drifted in her mouth as she tried to smell the ShadowClan medicine cat. Much to her relief, his strong scent was quickly detected as he ducked out of some vines.

"Hawkspirit!" Skypaw was instantly on her paws, purring loudly.

"Skypaw!" His meow was muffled as purrs erupted from his throat as he bolted over.

"It feels like such a long time ago," Skypaw replied. Touching noses with the ShadowClan medicine cat.

"What does?"

"The Gathering," she explained. "It's not fair, we never see each other enough."

"You don't have to remind me," Hawkspirit groaned. He sat down, wrapping his tail neatly over his paws. Skypaw copied his movements.

Skypaw just stared at him expectantly, only being returned a gaze of confusion. "Weren't we going to talk about the prophecy?"

"Oh, yes," Hawkspirit quickly meowed. "About those amber eyes. I'm so confused, certainly it couldn't be a Star-" Skypaw cut him off quickly.

"I know who they belong to. They're no StarClan cat, completely the opposite, to be exact."

"Who?" Hawkspirit tilted his head to the side in curiosity.

"Darkface," She replied. "He's a Dark Forest warrior. I met him once, and I saw his eyes, too. He's Willowleaf's littermate, and apparently he was sentenced to the Place of No Stars for killing their mother."

The ShadowClan medicine cat's eyes lit up in horror. "Killing his own mother? And I've been seeing him following me even though he's dead?"

"Yes," Skypaw sighed. Why couldn't she live the life as a normal ThunderClan apprentice? No ties to certain medicine cats, no prophecies haunting her, no Dark Forest cats stalking her, no backstories of Clanmates that should remain buried in memories. No evil leaders, and no murderers looming threateningly over her with power she would never claim?

"Dear StarClan," Hawkspirit stared at her, completely caught off guard by the sudden burst of information. "What does he want from us?"

"I could ask him the same question," Skypaw meowed flatly. "He says he likes touring the Clans."

"He needs to stay in that forest, he's too evil to be running around here spooking cats!" Hawkspirit spat.

"Tell me about it," Skypaw meowed agreement. "I feel the worst about Willowleaf. She just wants him gone, out of her memory and he keeps showing up."

"StarClan selects their strongest warriors to face the toughest battles. Believe it or not, most of the toughest fought wars aren't won with claws." Hawkspirit was staring into her eyes, his gaze pleading.

Skypaw didn't understand. Was he implying this about her and the prophecy? Why was he looking at her, his eyes begging for her to understand? Just in case, she quickly gave him a nod of certainty,

showing that she believed him.

And that wasn't a lie.

~*~

"Bet you can't catch me!" Skypaw squealed. Leaves rustled as she rushed up the leader's tree, Hawkspirit at her tail.

"Think again, mousebrain!" Hawkspirit playfully swatted at her tail, purrs escaping his throat.

"Ahhh!" Skypaw meowed, acting scared.

"Ha-ha," Hawkspirit's eyes gleamed with happiness and humor as he sat on the branch that was usually Splashstar's, Skypaw joining him. Opening up her mouth to taste the air, she caught the RiverClan leader's scent, stale but still strong.

"I wonder what it's like to be a leader," Skypaw wondered out loud. Hawkspirit's head tilted in thought.

"You would get to speak at Gatherings for starters," He replied. "You would order cats around and make Clan announcements. Preform ceremonies, direct battles."

"You would have also lived the life as a deputy," Skypaw added.

"Our deputy is Moondust," Hawkspirit meowed. "She sure likes to boss everyone's tails around. Not to sound rude, but I hope she steps down or dies before she becomes leader." He stared at his paws.

"ThunderClan's deputy is Russetsky," She compared. "She's loyal, nice, and a wonderful cat in general."

"Isn't she your mother?" The ShadowClan medicine cat queried.

"Yes," Skypaw replied. "But that doesn't make me feel any different about her, though."

Hawkspirit was silent before he spoke again. "Is it weird?"

"What?" Skypaw looked at him, searching his eyes for any kind of judgement at the unusual question.

However, there was none. Just pure curiosity.

"To be..." He trailed off, seeming to rethink his thoughts before he continued. "Half-Clan."

"No," Skypaw replied, an edge on her tone. "I don't even think of myself that way. I know I'm the grandkit of Dapplestar, but I'm also the grandkit of Stormpelt. Russetsky is ThunderClan, her heritage doesn't change that. She was raised in our ways, so she's ThunderClan." Confidence echoed throughout the clearing as she delivered her little speech.

"I never said she wasn't," His voice was barely a whisper as he meowed, "You're too good of a cat for anyone to judge you of who your parents are. The tom that will claim you as his mate is the luckiest in all of StarClan."

Skypaw didn't reply, acting as if she hadn't heard him.

But, she had. His words echoed throughout her ears as her heart warmed and skipped a beat.

**UGHHH Late update, I'm sorry!**

**One of my close friends that I talked about a few chapters ago died this afternoon. Thank you for all of you who prayed for him, I appreciated it. However, this is God's plan, and whatever happens was meant to be.**

**(I saw some of you shipping Skyhawk, or SkyXHawk. I loveeeeee ship names and things like that, I love reading your comments!)**

**Vote and comment? :D Double updates tomorrow for my lack of them today.**

**Also, I'm sorry, but I love Hawkspirit's quote:**

**"StarClan selects their strongest warriors to face the toughest**

**battles. Believe it or not, most of the toughest fought wars aren't won with claws."**

**-Hawkspirit**

(Sorry, bad written chapter. I have a headache and this is all fuzzy when I revise it. Hopefully I left some good notes in it, though. :> )

# Chapter 39

Skypaw yawned as she woke up. Her teeth chattered and she meowed with surprise when she realized her breath was giving off a frosty glow.

Looking at her sisters, she noticed that they too were shivering. Ducking out of the den, she gazed around at a white wonderland.

Frost layered the leaves of the den that were cracking and falling off, leaving sharp pieces on the camp ground as they shattered. Snow layered the dens and as Skypaw padded forward, she could tell by the way that her paws slipped and slid that there was indeed ice hidden underneath it.

Skypaw figured she was dreaming as the memories from the night before relived in her mind. She had sat and chatted on Splashstar's branch well after moonhigh with Hawkspirit, their mrrows of amusement and purrs of happiness rang through the air. It had been cold then, but never in a million moons would Skypaw expect leaf-bare to roll in so quickly within a couple of hours.

They had arranged to meet every night until the Gathering, both of them both denying that it would be easy to live until then without seeing each other. Their goodbye lasted for more than an hour, and Skypaw's spirits were lifted to the maximum as she padded into camp.

She had collasped in her nest, remembering all of the conversations they had, his meow forever implanted in her ears. However, the one thing that she couldn't forget was how he said that the tom that would claim her as his mate was the luckiest of all of StarClan.

However, there wasn't any other cat in ThunderClan she would ever love, and she knew that. Skypaw figured she would live as a lone warrior, devoting her life to her Clan needs and joining the ranks of StarClan without any line of kin behind her.

Skypaw snapped her head around when she heard the, usually beautiful rustling of the medicine den lichen, shattering of ice as Willowleaf's tortoiseshell pelt padded towards her.

She wasn't dreaming after all.

"Skypaw," Willowleaf's meow was loud compared to the complete silence of the camp. There was no wind howling, no murmurs of cats, no bird song, and no leaves rustling in the breeze.

"Willowleaf," Skypaw dipped her head slightly. "I wasn't expecting leaf-bare to come so quickly."

"Neither were the other Clans," The ThunderClan medicine cat replied. "StarClan's angry."

"Why?" Skypaw's voice was filled with alarm.

"Multiple reasons," Willowleaf looked Skypaw in the eyes. "But, I bet you could guess one of them."

Skypaw stared at her paws as Hawkspirit drifted into her mind. When she looked back up, Willowleaf wasn't standing in front of her any longer, but ducking into the nursery.

"Dear StarClan!" Skypaw looked up as Sunstar's deep meow echoed throughout camp as he gazed around his surroundings. His piercing green eyes were full of shock and anger.

Warriors came bursting out of the den at their leader's call. Their tails were bushed and their eyes were full of fear. However, that emotion quickly changed to surprise as their paws slid against the ice.

"There's no way!" Hazelflower exclaimed.

"It's leaf-bare," Skypaw meowed.

"No, I thought it was greenleaf," Firesoul rolled his eyes. Skypaw glared at him.

"Cats of ThunderClan!" Sunstar growled as he settled himself against

the cold Highrock. His Clan quickly gathered, meows and hisses of surprise coming from them.

"It appears leaf-bare has settled in early," He meowed lowly, his gaze threatening. "Leaf-fall hasn't even set in yet!"

"We still have young kits in the nursery," Bumblefoot yowled. "If prey goes scarce, they'll starve!"

"Relax, Bumblefoot," Russetsky's soothing voice came from below the Highrock, in the deputy's place. "As always, ThunderClan will feed their kits and queens first."

"Indeed," Stormpelt chimed in. "Never once did we let queens or kits starve before the rest of us."

Skypaw looked at the cat that was her grandfather. His sleek gray pelt was ruffled from sleep. Gray was starting to appear around his muzzle, and she knew he would soon join Appleleaf in the elders' den. Looking at the entrance to the old bush, Appleleaf was sitting at the entrance, glaring at the ice around his paws.

Thinking deeper, she realized that Appleleaf and Stormpelt both have faced horrible leaf-bares throughout their lifetimes. They've seen the hottest green-leafs and the most leaves fallen in leaf-fall. They've seen the brightest flowers bloom in new-leaf, so she knew that they were familiar with all of the extreme weather changes.

Bumblefoot shot Stormpelt an uneasy glance before staring at his paws.

"Mentors, train your apprentices as always." Sunstar ordered. "Russetsky, send patrols out to the border and to hunt. We need more prey."

Skypaw and several of her Clanmates looked at the well-stocked fresh kill pile, but no cat said a word.

Hazelflower, Petalheart, and Flarecloud nodded, flicking their tails to gather their apprentices. Skypaw rose to her paws, feeling queasy as she felt the eyes of her Clanmates burn her pelt as she walked through her still silent Clan.

~*~

Skypaw's paws silently crept forward. She was in a hunting crouch, hissing in her head every once in awhile when her paws would crunch against the snow. The scrawny mouse, obviously taking effect by the sudden cold as well, was trekking through the forest floor, looking for a beech nut that wasn't covered in frost.

Unfortunately for it, Skypaw knew it would never live to find one.

Putting all of her strength in her hind legs, she leaped, flinging snow up behind her. The mouse spun around, its black eyes filled with horror. It tried to run, but its small paws skidded in all different directions against the ice. Her paws landing perfectly on the brown creature, she swiftly bit its neck, ending its life.

Thanking her warrior ancestors, she quickly returned to camp. Hazelflower had them non-stop hunting, and the Clan had caught so much prey that the fresh kill pile was multiplied. There were now three piles to choose from, and Spottedkit and Amberkit were busying themselves by organizing them by creature.

"This is a mouse," Amberkit meowed, throwing its brown body into a pile with other ones.

"Squirrel," Spottedkit examined the creature that was known for its bushy tail. She threw it in the pile with its other bushy-tailed friends.

"Blackbird?" Amberkit tilted her head to the side as she looked at the bird in her paws, unsure of the species.

"No, that's a robin," Spottedkit replied, taking a closer look.

"No, it doesn't have a red belly." Amberkit retaliated.

"Neither," Skypaw chimed in, gently placing her catch on the mouse pile. "It's a thrush. Blackbirds have black feathers and robins have red bellies, as Amberkit said."

Amberkit nodded, and Spottedkit's eyes followed the thrush as Amberkit put it in a seperate pile, all by itself. Skypaw figured the

spotted she-kit was studying the bird, trying to remember its name for future references.

"I wish I could be out hunting with the Clan," Spottedkit whined. "This is so boring!"

Amberkit looked baffled. "No, it's not," She contradicted. "It's fun being able to sort things by their scent, appearance, and spe-"

"Would you shut up already?" Spottedkit snapped. "All you do is blab about how being in camp is fun. Well, news flash, it's not!"

"Yes, it is!" Amberkit spat. "You get to learn things here, be with your Clanmates and there are less threats."

"Wouldn't you rather *be* a threat than just sit around here all the time?" Spottedkit's tail lashed.

Skypaw's eyes roamed away from the two bickering sisters to notice Willowleaf's tortoiseshell pelt sitting near the nursery, watching Amberkit. The ThunderClan medicine cat's eyes were filled with interest. Skypaw was about to pad over and compliment on the sisters when she noticed a certain dappled pelt stalking the ledge of the ThunderClan camp.

Dapplestar's eyes gleamed evilly as she leaped, her gaze focused on the ThunderClan medicine cat as her unsheathed claws ripped through Willowleaf's pelt triumphantly.

***Thank you for all of the prayers for Tiger. <3***

# Chapter 40

Skypaw screeched on the top of her lungs, lunging at the ShadowClan leader. Feeling her claws rake the dappled fur, Dapplestar hissed, Willowleaf's blood still on her claws. Willowleaf staggered back, shock plastered on her face.

"Sunstar!" The ThunderClan medicine cat yowled. The flaming pelt of the ThunderClan leader erupted from his den, his eyes groggy with sleep. Skypaw scowled at him.

*Sleeping during battles and while you ordered your Clan out hunting?* She hissed to herself.

"What in the name of Sta-" Sunstar snarled before he was cut off by a mighty battle cry. The white pelt of Moondust landed squarely on top of him, leaves from the trees falling after her. Sunstar swiped at her, only to have his strong paw pinned by a more superior she-cat.

Skypaw looked around for any sign of the ThunderClan warriors, but there weren't any in sight. Including her sisters, Sunstar had ordered the Clan be productive during the harsh time of leaf-bare.

As if on cue, yowls of ThunderClan cats echoed throughout the territory. ShadowClan were everywhere!

"You again!" Dapplestar hissed, stalking around Skypaw.

"Yes, me again," Skypaw returned the hissy tone. "You are invading *my* camp, after all."

Dapplestar cuffed Skypaw's ear, her bloody claws stinging against her skin. Scowling at her, Skypaw leaped, barreling her over. Landing a few blows on the leader's face, she put forth all of her moons of training.

Glancing around, Skypaw noticed the camp was mostly deserted. Sunstar was lazily pinned by Moondust, Willowleaf was racing to

her den to get herbs, and Featherfur and Flowermoon cowered in the nursery, protecting their young.

"We need more warriors!" Skypaw yowled. "I can't fight two of them and defend camp by myself!"

"What in the-" Appleleaf burst from the elders' den. His eyes were wide as he realized the unprotected camp. "Dear StarClan!"

Skypaw was totally taken off guard when Appleleaf let out a battle cry, leaping up the tumbled rocks where Sunstar threw insults at Moondust. She felt Dapplestar's claws rake her shoulder, but she didn't care. Surprise echoed through her mind as she saw Appleleaf barrel over Moondust, freeing the ThunderClan leader.

Looking at the fighting elder for another moment, she spun back around to face Dapplestar.

"Ever since Nightflare told me that Russetsky had kits, I've wanted them dead," The ShadowClan leader snarled. "This couldn't seem like a more perfect time for you to perish, and that's what I've come for."

"You're insane," Skypaw shot back. "StarClan will never allow it!"

"They allowed me to ally with Sunstar," Her eyes glinted evilly.

"He's not your ally!" Skypaw said the words with confidence, only hoping they were true.

"But he is," Dapplestar continued to stalk around the ThunderClan apprentice. "Together, we'll take over all of StarClan!"

"I cannot even," Skypaw meowed before landing a heavy blow on Dapplestar's face. "believe the amount of nonsense coming from your-" Skypaw hissed when Dapplestar's teeth sank into her tail. "mouth!"

"Well, believe it, foxbreath," Dapplestar snarled. "because we will take over all of StarClan," Skypaw ducked as the ShadowClan leader aimed a powerful blow at her face. "And the Clans will be ours!"

Skypaw couldn't ignore the growing fear growing inside of her. Dapplestar and Sunstar had allied? That wasn't in the prophecy! Skypaw said she didn't believe what was happening to Dapplestar, but that couldn't be farther from the truth. She could totally see Sunstar teaming up with the evil ShadowClan leader, thinking together, they were powerful to get what they both wanted.

Authority.

However, Skypaw couldn't understand why. They were both chosen leaders by StarClan and had both recieved nine lives, why would they want anything else? They were the highest ranks in the Clans, being two of the four leaders that conducted the well being around the lake.

Darkface's eyes flashed in the bushes, snapping Skypaw out of her thoughts. She hadn't even realized she was still fighting Dapplestar, and by the looks of the tiring, old ShadowClan leader, it appeared she was winning. Examining the she-cat, she was surprised at what she saw.

A raggedy, dappled pelt was brought to her eyes. It looked unkempt and matted, not even crossing Dapplestar's mind. Her gray eyes were dark and gloomy with evil and despise, and Skypaw figured that if the ShadowClan leader wasn't as horrid, her eyes would appear much brighter and prettier.

Her fur was parted in all different directions, their parts scars. Tufts of fur were missing from her flanks, and both of her ears were torn. Her tail was dirty, and as Skypaw took in a whiff of air, she realized the leader reeked of dirtplace.

However, the thing that stuck out to Skypaw the most was that Dapplestar was simply unhappy.

Pity filled Skypaw's heart. Almost as if Dapplestar had invited Skypaw to peek in, she stared at her grandmother's eyes. She was taken back many moons, seeing a beautiful, happy ShadowClan warrior. She was wonderful at fighting, hunting, and being there for her Clan. Lapsing ahead a few moons, Skypaw found herself looking at a dappled queen. Happiness shone in her eyes as she cuddled

three, healthy kits.

Skypaw instantly recongized the black pelt of Nightflare. Next to her, Russetsky's shadowy gray fur snuggled into her mother's tail. However, the kit that was next to Russetsky, Skypaw didn't recognize.

Her eyes focused in on the kit, and suddenly she was brought to the ShadowClan medicine den, a place where she had only seen once. An elderly gray tom shuffled through his herbs, desperation plastered on his face. Skypaw swung her head to the side, and a pain filled wail was brought to her ears.

Dapplestar grieved over a small, russet pelt. Skypaw instantly recognized the kit that wasn't known to her, the cat that was her new-found uncle. The young ShadowClan leader looked up at the medicine cat, the same look of desperation on her face.

"Please, Grayfoot!" The dappled queen wailed. "He can't die, he can't!"

"I'm sorry, Dapplefur," The medicine cat that had just been given the name Grayfoot replied, his voice raspy with age. "I can't heal him. He has greencough, and we do not have any catmint. ThunderClan stored all of the plants at the border."

"But certainly Snowcloud or Willowpaw could lend us some?" Dapplestar replied. "He can't die!"

"He's already on his way to StarClan, Dapplefur," Grayfoot explained. "I'm so sorry."

"Redkit!" The ShadowClan queen wailed. "Please, come back to me!"

Dapplestar prodded the small limp body with her paw, however, the russet kit would lay still forever.

*

Once again, Skypaw was brought ahead a few more moons. A proud dappled mother stood in front of two fighting apprentices, and she cheered for a more than familiar pelt.

"Russetpaw, you got this!" Dapplestar yowled. Skypaw studied this younger version of her mother. No muscles shone underneath her shadowy pelt, and Skypaw guessed that this was her first battle lesson. Russetsky's mother had come to watch, trying to improve her daughter's skill as much as possible since her other only kit had decided to train with Grayfoot in the medicine den.

It only took Skypaw a few moments to realize that Dapplestar hadn't approved of Nightflare's decision to become a medicine cat. She had wanted her daughters to train and fight as hard as warriors.

As soon as the thought struck her mind, Skypaw was brought to the ShadowClan-ThunderClan border. In front of her was Dapplestar's spiked pelt and an angry ThunderClan patrol. Skypaw studied her Clan's patrol.

*

Among them stood a young Stormpelt, his gray fur sleek and shiny under the canopy of trees. Sandstar stood next to him, and judging by the cat that she had only heard nursery tales about that stood on the other side of the sandy she-cat, Skypaw realized that this must have been before Sandstar recieved the rank as leader. The cat was Graystar.

"Dapplefur, I'm sorry, but Russetpaw wants to train as a ThunderClan warrior," Graystar's deep meow was calm, despite his unsheathed claws. Skypaw hadn't even noticed the shadowy pelt of her mother cowering behind the ThunderClan cats.

"But, she can't!" Dapplestar hissed. "She's ShadowClan! No cat can just change Clans!"

"Russetpaw has made her decision, and I will not kick her out of my Clan. If she wants to stay, she will, and we will defend her decision at all costs." Graystar replied.

"You're mousebrained!" Dapplestar spat. "She'll betray you all! She's ShadowClan blood!"

"Dapplefur," The young version of Stormpelt spoke. "You shouldn't

be fighting for a battle you will never win."

At Stormpelt's words, realization clicked in the dappled mother's eyes. Hatred replaced it, and she was quick to reply. "Fine, if you want to betray the Clan that has done nothing but love you, Russetpaw, go ahead! I can't believe my only warrior apprentice kit would do such a thing! You should know better! But this is not my problem, it's yours and ThunderClan's. ShadowClan and StarClan will *hate* you for this! You don't deserve to live! Or to be happy anymore! Good luck, Russetpaw, living a life without any kin and dying into the Dark Forest."

With that, Dapplestar spun around and raced away, kicking up marsh as her hetic paws bolted as fast as they could go to get away from the cat she had grown to hate.

*

Skypaw thought she had seen everything she had needed to see, and surprise struck her body as Dapplestar's words repeated in her mind. However, she was brought to another setting.

A misrable looking dappled she-cat was slouched in the ShadowClan leader's den. A bold cat, who Skypaw had assumed was the ShadowClan leader, stood before her.

"Dapplefur, you need to stop grieving for a kit that has done nothing but betray you," The tom stated. Dapplestar didn't look at him.

"Why? If she doesn't care about this Clan, neither should I." She replied.

"ShadowClan needs you," The leader meowed softly.

"They didn't need *her!"* Dapplestar hissed.

"You're right," He agreed. "She was too mangy for us anyways, going for those ThunderClan scumpelts,"

"There is nothing you can do to make me happy," Dapplestar rolled her eyes.

"Oh really?" The leader's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Not even giving you the rank of ShadowClan deputy?"

Dapplestar's eyes lit up. She looked at her leader seriously. "Really, Oakstar?"

Oakstar nodded. "I would do anything for my dear mate."

"Okay," Dapplestar nodded her head. "I will take the place as ShadowClan deputy."

"Good," Oakstar purred. "Let me just take care of Fallenleaf. Or should I say, Fallen*warrior?*"

Dapplestar purred as her mate exited the den, claws unsheathed.

*

Zipping through a time period one last time, she saw the new ShadowClan leader. Dapplestar stood by the ThunderClan border as rain fell from the sky, and her eyes were narrowed as she gazed into ThunderClan's forest, wondering what her kit was up to now.

~*~

Skypaw snapped out of her thoughts, her eyes focusing back on the gray eyes of Dapplestar. Dapplestar nodded simply.

"Those were my memories," The ShadowClan leader meowed softly.

Skypaw didn't know what to say. No wonder why Dapplestar had turned out to be such an evil, sad cat. Her only tom kit had died of greencough, all because of ThunderClan. When her two remaining kits finally became apprentices, only one of them trained as a ShadowClan warrior. The other one had followed a different path, one that Dapplestar had clearly despised because Grayfoot couldn't save Redkit.

And then, her only living kit that had trained as a warrior, the only one she had paid any attention to, watched grow and train, had betrayed her by becoming a ThunderClan apprentice.

So, ThunderClan had been the death of *two* of her kits in Dapplestar's heart.

Dapplestar had spent her time as leader trying to go after ThunderClan, trying to kill their medicine cats and Russetsky out of hatred and despise. When the ShadowClan leader had found out that Russetsky had given birth to three healthy kits, all that would become ThunderClan warriors, she had lost it.

Skypaw was about to open her mouth to say something when a single lightning bolt crashed from the sky, lighting up the clearing as it struck a dappled pelt.

**OMO! Almost 2,000 wordsss c:**

**Now, I feel I could have wrote this better, so sorry if it was confusing. I hope it wasn't, because you guys just saw the insight of Dapplestar's life, and why she hates ThunderClan so much. Comment what you thought of it!**

**Why the long chapter, you ask? Because this is the final chapter of Skyfall.**

**However, don't panic, I still have the prophecy to complete! I am proud to announce that there will be a second book to the Skyfall series!**

**YAY!**

**Thank you ALL for reading, voting and commenting! You mean the world to me. <3 Please comment what you thought of the first book of the series, and this chapter.**

**Thank you for 3.2K views and over 300 votes! AHHH!**

**I'll get started on the second book tomorrow! :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D**

**YAY SMILEY FACE SPAM! :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D :D**

**-Kaylin, proud author of Skyfall and an even prouder owner of the Final Dawn warrior cats server.**

# Skylight: Out NOW!

Hey guys! It's finally here!

Skylight can now be found on my profile! How exciting is that?

I finally got everything in order for it to be published, so that's what I did. I published the first chapter literally two seconds ago.

Please, read it and tell me what you think! Happy reading!